THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Much Ado About Nothing.
The Taming of the Shrew.

EDITED BY

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company there is the following entry under date of the eighteenth of January, 1602 (new style) :—

John Busby.	Entred for his copie vnder the hand of master Seton A booke called *An excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie of Sir* John Ffaulstof *and the merry wyves of Windesor*	vj[d.]
Arthur Johnson.	Entred for his Copye by assignement from John Busbye, A booke Called *an excellent and pleasant conceyted Comedie of Sir* John Ffaulstafe *and the merye wyves of Windsor* .	vj[d.]

Here, as in other cases, a book that had been already printed was not entered until the time of its transfer to another publisher. The printing of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was, therefore, before the 18th of January, 1602. But the quarto so printed—and reprinted in 1619*—gave an unauthorised version of the play, which seems to have been based upon reporter's notes and memory of the performance. The whole play was given first in 1623, in the first folio of Shakespeare's works; but this also had imperfections which can be corrected by help of the quarto, with all its faults of omission and confusion. The title-page of that first quarto records that the play is "enter-mixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise cousin, M. Slender," a form of description for which Shakespeare could have been in no way answerable; for Hugh Evans, the Welsh Parson, is not called "Sir" because he is a knight,

* "A most pleasant and excellent Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe and the merry wives of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson. 1619."

but because that title, the translation of "Dominus," was given of old to priests and curates generally. "Dominus" was the academical title of a Bachelor of Arts at the Universities, and might be shortened into "Dan," as "Dan John Lydgate," or translated into "Sir." So we have in *Twelfth Night*, Sir Thopas, the curate; and Fuller speaks in his "Church History" of the days when there were more Sirs than Knights.

A tradition first made current by Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, reports that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love. Another tradition, first published by John Dennis in 1702, in his preface to the "Comical Gallant," says that Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in a fortnight. Neither of these traditions can have any value. There is no mention of them until eighty or ninety years after Shakespeare's death, when they appear with other baseless gossip. After the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1663—4, and 1685, in which Shakespeare's works were first

collected—four editions in the seventeenth century being enough to meet all the demands of readers, Nicholas Rowe, in Queen Anne's reign, was the first to issue an edition in 8vo volumes—seven volumes—of the plays, preceded by a Life. That Life contained traditions current about Shakespeare ninety-three years after his death. If any man now living prominent either in a nation or a village, will consider the worth of traditions current about himself while he is yet alive, with a general public better educated than it was in Shakespeare's time, he will understand the value of the numerous contributions from the small talk of the seventeenth century to the confusion of our knowledge of the life of Shakespeare. No doubt Shakespeare could have written this play in a fortnight; but there is no clear reason for saying that he did. And for *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as written by Queen Elizabeth's desire to show Falstaff in love, it may not be enough to say that the play does not show or pretend to show Falstaff in love. It shows him basely endeavouring to raise money through the ruin of two honest women,

who outwit him again and again and bring him to disgrace because his own wit is not founded upon honesty. As he himself says in his last discomfiture, "See, now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment."

This play supplements the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, by showing what Falstaff stands for, the temptation of the flesh—the world, the flesh, and the devil—backed to the uttermost with good wit and good humour, that have force to mislead our youth, here brought into relation with a simple healthy womanhood. Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are not heroines with unexampled powers, but ordinary women, cheerful and right-minded, to whose minds Falstaff is as nothing. Quick parts bent upon ill, fail in a wrestle with the mother-wit of plain folk who live loyally.

In the tales out of Italy which have been suggested as having possibly contributed to the invention of the story of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, all, with one exception, are written in sympathy with tricks played by dishonest wives; and all, without exception, want the soul of duty

that gives life to the lightest of the works of Shakespeare. Shakespeare wove his own incidents together playfully in this comedy of Falstaff and the Merry Wives; but his incidents were in part based on a knowledge of familiar Italian tales of tricks of women in their relations between lover and husband.

The story of Filenio Sisterna from the "Tredeci Piacevoli Notti" of Giovanni Francesco Straparola, published at Venice in 1569, furnished nothing, unless it contributed insensibly to the idea of a common understanding between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. In this story the hero dances at a ball with three married ladies, and makes love to each with the same directness. The ladies compare notes, and agree to punish him. Each makes an assignation. One, on alarm of her husband's return, puts him as soon as he is undressed under the low bed, where he is scratched from top to toe in the endeavour to creep out of sight; another sends him for perfume to a cupboard where a pitfall causes him to drop far down into a store of cotton, whence he escapes into the

street in his shirt, by difficult removal of a stone; the third gives him drugged wine, and has him carried out to be laid half naked on the public pavement, where he awakes in the chill dawn. But the teller of the tale shows his unwillingness to point a moral, by giving to his hero, Filenio Sisterna —and gloating over—such a revenge on the three ladies as no English gentleman can read without contempt.

The story of Nerino of Portugal, from the same collection of Straparola's "Le Piacevoli Notti," was abridged, with variations, in "Tarlton's News out of Purgatorie," published in 1590 as "The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa." It is given at the end of this volume because Shakespeare is likely to have read it, though it contributes to his *Merry Wives of Windsor* nothing of its incidents beyond suggestion of the secret understanding between Falstaff and "Master Brook," and nothing whatever of its honesty.

The story of Lucius and Camillus, from the story of Bucciuolo and Pietro Paolo, is from "Il Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which

is also a chief source of the tale of *The Merchant of Venice*. We have here, probably, the first suggestion of the hiding of Falstaff among linen in the buck-basket. This also, though in a later English version, I have thought worth giving.

"The Fishwife's Tale of Brentford," printed four years after Shakespeare's death in the earliest known edition (1620) of "Westward for Smelts," is a tale of a deceived husband, really based upon one of the stories of Boccaccio's "Decameron," that has not even a remote resemblance to the story of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Yet as the English version printed after Shakespeare's death has laid the scene in Windsor, it has been suggested that Shakespeare got from it the idea of Windsor as his place of action. Now the genius of a great poet does not consist in the power of piecing together scraps of ideas out of previously (or subsequently) existing books. Shakespeare sets Falstaff in the close air of a tavern; and he has set his healthy women among fields by the river-side, a part of nature, in the wholesome country air. The Court is at Windsor Castle, and this

brings Sir John Falstaff into lodging at a Windsor inn. That the Court is at the Castle we learn in the Fourth Scene of the First Act from Dr. Caius, who has come home for "a green-a box," and bids John Rugby, "Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court." Dr. Caius is a French physician in large practice at Court, who talks French, not broken English, to his noble patients, and is thought by Mistress Page a desirable match for her daughter, because

> "The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
> Potent at Court."

Again, in the Third Scene of the Fourth Act we hear how pretended Germans have been living for a week at the "Garter," and go away on the host's horses, pretending that they go to meet a duke, who will be to-morrow at the Court. It was from among his friends at the Court that Fenton, who has been companion with the Prince and Poins, comes to the wooing of Anne Page, first in bad faith for her father's money, and then in good faith for herself.

The wooing of Anne Page, that gives rise to all the pleasant incidents interwoven with the discomfitures of Falstaff in his practising on Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, serves for dramatic contrast, while it brings in a new flood of wholesome mirth. The wooers of Anne Page, all seek her in honest marriage. Her mother is for Doctor Caius; her father is for Master Slender; she herself is for Master Fenton: and the final triumph over the outwitted Falstaff is ingeniously made one with Anne Page's innocent outwitting of her parents, who supposed themselves to be outwitting each other. Anne Page, in her fresh and simple maidenhood, is the direct opposite to the unvirtuous fat knight; and Master Slender's shyness in the presence of the maiden contrasts with the impudence of Falstaff in his addresses to the merry wives. Dr. Caius is led by his aspirations to the hand of fair Mistress Anne to challenge Parson Hugh for interfering on behalf of Master Slender; and as the plucky Welshman, though a parson, feels bound, with some trepidation of heart, to accept the challenge, it is still about the suits made for Anne Page that

the duel of broken English comes with other merry incidents into the play. Thus one part of the story centres in Falstaff, and the other in Anne Page, while the lines of each plot meet continually, and are combined at the close with exquisite dramatic skill.

And what of Falstaff in this play? Though still set in a tavern, with the jolly Host of the "Garter," he looks all the more unwholesome for his contact with fresh air.

He has come to Windsor out of Gloucestershire, where he has abused the hospitality of his friend Justice Shallow, beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. Justice Shallow,—with his cousin, young Master Slender, and Slender's man Simple,—having followed Falstaff and his rascally companions to Windsor, where he means to seek redress from the king and his council, has his mind diverted by suggestion of an advantageous match that may be made between his young cousin Slender and the daughter of rich Mr. Page. Perhaps with some notion of that in his mind, he had sent a

present of his venison to Master Page. So having come to Windsor, he remains to realise his hope.

Falstaff's action is made to turn only on his want of money. He and his men, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym run up a bill of ten pounds a week at the "Garter." The rascalities of the men do not bring money enough, though they have made themselves notorious as thieves. They have got Slender into the inn, made him drunk, and picked his pocket. Falstaff takes his share of their "purchase." "When Mistress Bridget," he says to Pistol, "lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honour thou hadst it not." To which Pistol replies, "Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteenpence?" The merry quip, "Reason, you rogue, reason: thinks't thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis," is not designed to alter the essential fact that the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is the Falstaff of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, a man of lowest thought; whatever his wit, a petty thief and a liar. In the play, as in real life, we are shown how wit and good-humour may serve as a

veil between our clear sight and the vices it should see and know.

To lighten his charges, Falstaff dismisses his servants. Bardolph is provided for, because the Host of the "Garter" takes him for the time into his own service as tapster. Pistol and Nym are dismissed to live upon what plunder they can find for themselves. Pistol looks to false dice

> "———— for gourd and fullam holds,
> And high and low beguiles the rich and poor."

Gourd and fullam were cant names for hollow and loaded dice, and there were distinctions between high fullams and low. Thus Ben Jonson writes in "Every Man Out of His Humour," "Who, he serve? He keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at fullam." Pistol and Nym take their revenge on Falstaff, by betraying to Master Page and Master Ford Falstaff's intention, to find the money he wants by drawing upon their substance through the trapping of their wives into dishonesty. "I will be cheater to them both," he says (that is, escheater, exacter of

forfeits due to the lord of a manor), "and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both." He has no kindlier aim. His dialogues with "Master Brook" show him ready to fling either of the wives into a lower deep of degradation. It is enough that he shall get money from them, which he expects that they will steal for him from their husbands. Being at his wits' end for money, he relieves himself of the cost of keeping his servants, whose small thieveries are too conspicuous and do not pay their expenses, while he makes a large venture against other men's goods, that shall bring in more than a dozen midnight attacks upon travellers at Gad's Hill and elsewhere. It is also a device that fits the nature of a gross-minded coward. Low cunning never is clear-sighted, and its dim sight is apt to be further obscured by a thick bandage of vanity. Falstaff has not a high thought in his nature. Though his wit be intellectual, it always creeps upon the earth. The old amplified Church legend tells that Satan tempted Eve with promise that her mind would be filled

with the light of heaven, and with profession that she would offend God if she did not eat the offered fruit. Daughters of Eve may yield to such temptation, and fall often through desire to rise. The serpent may prevail with them, but not the hog:—save where, through the injustice that has made so wide a difference between man and man, some have —woe is to us for that—been born within the sty Yet still Falstaff, with all his baseness, has for young men attraction in his wit, and more in his good humour, and most in his companionable ways.

We need not fix a time for the action of this comedy that shall give it a particular place in the course of the story of the two parts of *King Henry IV.* It is enough to say that we may regard it as an interlude in the trilogy formed by the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* Justice Shallow comes into it out of Gloucestershire; and Falstaff visited Shallow as an old friend of his youth in the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, when he was recruiting soldiers for the civil war. The little page, given to Falstaff by Prince Hal, who seems to appear for

the first time in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, is also with him in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* The play, no doubt, was written after the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in August, 1600, and may have been written before February, 1598. It has an imagined time of action after the Battle of Shrewsbury, and within range of that second part which—though it runs ten years, from 1403 to 1413, into one swift tale—does not really pass beyond the year 1405 till the Fourth Scene of the Fourth Act. The comedy is carefully disassociated from the note of war and from all incidents that could confound it with the sequence of three plays through which there runs one narrative, and which are knit together as essential parts of one poetical conception. It is not at all unlikely that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been written after the completion of the trilogy and after the production of the play that told of Falstaff's death.

I have said nothing here of the supposed reference to Sir Thomas Lucy in the opening of the play. The dozen white luces in Justice Shallow's

coat may possibly have been put there as a taunt against the squire of Charlcote. But it is more likely that the arms of the Lucys contributed, perhaps even unconsciously, to the armorial bearings of Justice Shallow because of jokes that could be cracked upon them. Tradition about Shakespeare's deer-stealing at Charlcote—which was not, in his time, a deer park—is as little supported by fact as the idles of the other inventions that have been associated with his name. The Second Part of *King Henry IV.* has shown very clearly that into the first invention of Justice Shallow Shakespeare put a deep religious earnestness. It was a conception that had nothing in common with the petty spite and ridicule which make part of the life that gives its narrow bounds to the inventions of the gossipmongers. He who banishes out of his conception of Shakespeare all the unproved small talk, accepting nothing but the few proved facts, will not find one fact out of accord with the spirit of the plays. No writer can live up to the highest level of his own ideal. But the man who has set before us, for all time, the purest and the noblest readings of the

problems of life, must have had, in his own life, more than Falstaff could well understand. Some have found it easier to see Shakespeare as Falstaff would imagine him, than to see Falstaff as Shakespeare knew him.

H. M.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, *a Young Gentleman.*
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*
FORD, } *Two Gentlemen dwell-*
PAGE, } *ing at Windsor.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Page.*
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } *Followers of*
PISTOL, } *Falstaff.*
NYM, }
ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*
SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*
RUGBY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*
MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE.—WINDSOR, and the Neighbourhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE'S House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pyr-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John

Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a

marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within.*] Who 's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no. I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsol'.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'T is your fault, 't is your fault:—'t is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe

me; — Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin, this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear?' Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller;—by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.—
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial:—froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, 'marry trap,' with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine; Mistress* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.
—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner:

come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple? Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this coz; there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says.

I pray you pardon me ; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question : the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, that's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it ; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the oman ? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth : therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid ?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz :

what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul is in the ort dissolutely: the ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely: his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* EVANS.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. —Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. —Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You

are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—An outer Room in Page's House.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, *Host*, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, *and* Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit* Bardolph.

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call. 'Steal?' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well,—out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse — he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oullads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,

And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To* Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to the golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness: for this revolt of mine is dangerous; that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Doctor CAIUS's House.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY *and* SIMPLE.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit* RUGBY.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal;

and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a cane-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. [*Exit* RUGBY.] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the Closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Sings.*] *And down, down, adown-a,* &c.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert;* a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket; *dépêche,* quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rogeby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable! diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby; my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'T is a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; —but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear—I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman? how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'t is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, John Falstaff.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked,

wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company. —What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name

of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure more—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a

show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym:—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To* PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 't is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there 's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. [*Aside.*] 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. [*Aside.*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. [*Aside.*] If I do find it:—well.

Page. [*Aside.*] I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. [*Aside.*] 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs.* Ford.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend

this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—

Enter Host

How now, mine host?

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say,—

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good-even and twenty, Good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. [*To* PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen

the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host*, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you

had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go:—a short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them His servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly,—all musk,—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels,—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more,

pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I

never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 't is not good that children

should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.]—This news distracts me.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways; I'll make more of thy body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with a cup of sack.*

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such

liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? —Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that hath spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given;

briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to to say this:

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth

so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations,—

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,

her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to be well-

favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! —My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the

names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous, I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III.—Windsor Park.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says

my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is the curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself

a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice :—a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater ! vat is dat ?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. —Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there : see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork:—pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious pirds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,

And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious pirds sing madrigals;—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [*Reads in a book.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [*Aside.*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore will you not meet-a me?

Eva. [*Aside to* CAIUS.] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. [*Aside to* CAIUS.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[*Aloud.*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine host *de*

Jartiere, have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O, sweet Anne Page!

Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de *sot* of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promised to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. —There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed!

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower

sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her? —Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page, Shal., &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, Master Page,—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mistress Ford *and Mistress* Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth,

and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. [*Exit* Robin.]—Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman.—

[FALSTAFF *hides himself behind the arras.*

Re-enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You 're shamed, you are overthrown, you 're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather,' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to

bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in—Follow your friend's counsel:—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee and none but thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I 'll never—

[*He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here, quickly:—where 's the cowl-staff?—look, how you drumble:—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first. [*Locks the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page.*] Ay, ay, peace —You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be anypody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE'S House.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth;
Besides, these other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies,
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealéd bags;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mistress* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeared.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—[*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle,

tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and longtail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle,

have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mistress* PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.—Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on Master Fenton.'—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now, Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast I am to slack it! [*Exit.*

Scene V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* Bardolph.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for

a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow;—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her; between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and. as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.

Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle, to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of

meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married: this 't is to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Street.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which

they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call whorum,—fie upon you!

Eva. Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's-breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the draff.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress FORD *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch.
[*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* *Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!—Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho! Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in woman's clothes, led by Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. — Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*] you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon: out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen:—they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *Mistress* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
You 've heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this !
Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device ;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come :

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphs, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffusèd song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposèd fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attiréd in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—[*aside*] and in that tire
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook: He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot,
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir,

till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man

that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, and thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight.—I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be masked and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same

knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come: we 'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she

cries, 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Street Leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Ford, *and Doctor* Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marry-

ing my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into

the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Send me a cool rut time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr; another Person as Hobgoblin;* ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixéd destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They 're fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where 's Pead?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns pe
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire.

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song the Fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *and Mistress* FORD. *They lay hold on* FALSTAFF.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watched you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master

Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again;—but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frieze? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in

Glostershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried, 'mum,' and she cried, 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious curséd hours,
Which forcéd marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word:
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

THE STORY OF LUCIUS AND CAMILLUS.

THE TALE OF THE TWO LOVERS OF PISA.

THE STORY OF LUCIUS AND CAMILLUS.

Being an English version of the Story of Buccinolo and Pietro Paolo, from "Il Pecorone," of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, reprinted from a collection of early English tales, entitled, "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers," 4°, London, 1632.

Two friends went to study at Bologna, in Italy. One of them would needs learn of a Doctor the art of making love. The Doctor taught him, but it was at his cost. For his scholar try'd his art upon his wife, to whom he made love in the manner you will find here related.

Two young gentlemen, who had contracted a straight bond of friendship together, went to Bologna to study, one of them the Law, the other Physick. One was called Lucius, the other Camillus. Being arrived at Bologna they lodg'd together, and apply'd themselves with very great diligence and success to the sciences to which they had addicted themselves. In fine Camillus, having ended his studies sooner than Lucius, intended to

return to Rome; and had infallibly been gone, if Lucius had not conjur'd him, by all the tenderness of the friendship that was between them, to stay and pass away the winter with him there, that they might both return together the next spring. To be short, Camillus yielded to Lucius his intreaties, and resolved upon staying. But, that he might not pass away all his time in idleness, he had a great mind to learn some other science; and, in order to this design, he thus accosted his professor: The friendship, Doctor, which I have for Lucius, obliges me to stay here till next spring. If during this time you will do me the kindness to instruct me in some noble science, I will receive your instructions with joy, and it may be with success. Doubt not any thing on my part, answer'd the Doctor, I am ready to teach you whatsoever you shall please to learn. It is the art of making love, reply'd Camillus, which I desire to learn. I am yet but a novice, and I would fain acquire a handsom air, and genteel garb of gallantry. Ah! reply'd again the Doctor, this is a noble art indeed, an art which hath its rules and maxims, and which comes very near to politics. It is a science wherein I can safely boast my self an expert person; and, if you have a mind to become

as great a proficient as my self, follow my precepts boldly.

What course shall I then take? said Camillus. Go, answer'd the Doctor, one morning or some Festival day, to the Church of the Cordeliers, at the time of High Mass. Take particular cognisance of the ladies which you shall see there; and, as you go out of the Church, follow her whom you like best, and lose not the sight of her till you see her at home. When you have housed her, come to me again.

Camillus lost no time. The next day he went to Church very early in the morning, where he posted himself in a place very commodious to see the ladies, and to be seen of them. He took notice of one among the rest, who pleased him extremely. She had a round visage, black eyes, a brisk and delicate complexion, a little and well shaped mouth, a bosom representing two globes of alabaster, an indifferent stature, and well compacted. In fine, she was the epitome of all the charms and perfections that an amorous person could be taken with. He went out of the Church with her, and lost not the sight of her, till she was enter'd into her house. The lady all this while, who had taken notice in the Church of the

amorous glance he had directed to her, concluded thereupon herself to be the object of his inclination.

Camillus immediately went to the Doctor to take new measures from him. The Doctor, who suspected nothing of his own wife, heard with great pleasure the report his disciple made to him of his transactions. In fine, he advis'd him to make two or three turns modestly before the house of the lady, whom he had follow'd. As soon as you see her, said he, salute her with a profound respect, to make her understand the passion which you have for her. But take your time, and do it in such a manner as not to be discover'd by any body but her self. After that, come again to me.

The lover followed his masters advice, passed modestly before the ladies house, cast his secret regards, and as he passed by, took the liberty to salute her, which he did with a most profound respect, and at a time when there were no passengers in the street. Camillus, who was a man of a good presence, had the good fortune to please this lady. She cast attentive regards upon him, and return'd his salutation with a sweet and amiable eye. And what could Camillus conclude from

these complaisances, but that this lady had a particular love for him? And indeed he found himself not deceived.

All transported with joy, he went to inform the Doctor of his good fortune. The Doctor applauded his conduct, and promis'd him a prosperous success. And, the better to carry on the affair, he advised him to write an amorous letter to the lady, and to intrust it in the hands of one of those women who use to go from house to house to vend their wares, and under that pretext are easily admitted to the most private concerns of the ladies.

Camillus immediately put pen to paper, and imployed one of these female letter-carriers. She undertook the business; but what success she had you will wonder to hear. She was so far from making much of this woman, that she treated her with a thousand reproachful expressions, and threw the letter in her face. What do you take me for? said she, you old wretch, know my vertue is proof against all your stratagems. You had better pack away with speed, and must not hope to find the penny-worths you gape so much after.

The poor woman, who was afraid of being ill handled, as well as ill treated with the tongue, packed up her bag and baggage, and away she

trotted. She went presently, and gave Camillus an account of her success. Who was not a little surprised thereat, and concluded from thence, that this lady was too severe to be ever brought to his bow.

Upon this he went again to the Doctor's house, and with a melancholy tone recounted to him all that had passed. The Doctor bid him not be troubled, telling him that the tree is not fell'd with one stroke, and advis'd for all this not to fail to make another onset. Go, said he, again, and take some turns before this lady's door, and observe very well what her countenance is toward you.

So said, so done. Our lover takes heart of grace, and presently steers his course again to his mistress's house. The lady no sooner saw him, but she commanded her chambermaid to go after him, and to tell him from her, that if he would come that night to the garden door, she would speak with him. The maid, staying near the Church, and waiting his coming by, desir'd him to go along with her into the Church, for that she had something of importance to communicate to him. Camillus, though somewhat surpris'd, however went into the Church after the maid. Who, taking him aside into a by-place, told him what

she had to impart to him from her lady, and desir'd him of all loves not to fail being present at the time and place appointed. Camillus, all transported with joy, assured her he would not fail to go and receive her lady's commands, at the hour she had appointed him.

In the interim he return'd to his Doctor, to render him an account of what had passed, and to make him a partaker of his good fortune. It was at this time that the Doctor kept himself up close in the academy, because the days being short, he was obliged to read to his scholars by night. So that Camillus found him in the academy, where the Doctor was pleased to hear the success of this last adventure. But, as he was a person naturally inclin'd to jealousy (a passion extraordinarily reigning in Italy) he oftentimes revolved in his mind the description Camillus had made to him of this lady; insomuch that it came into his head, that possibly it might be his own wife. The good man, who was pretty well in years, knew that his wife had cause enough to complain. In fine, he doubted very much, lest the gallant had learnt this science of him at his cost. Thereupon he resolv'd to follow him at a distance, after he had inform'd him of the nearest way to his mistress's house.

Camillus put on a coat of a mail, and went arm'd with sword and dagger to defend himself against all assaults.

Our gallant was no sooner arriv'd at the garden-door, but he was let in. The lady received him with open arms, and gave him a world of undoubted marks of the sincerity of her affection towards him. Sir, said she, it is no hard matter for me to recollect the time when you first did me the honour to think me worthy of your love, and you may assure yourself you have not to do with an ungrateful or cruel person. Let us enjoy such delights as may exceed what ever the most heroick souls have yet e'er comprehended. Take not in ill part, pursued she, the manner in which I lately receiv'd your amorous lines. It was necessary to proceed in that fashion, that I might conceal my love the better. And all these love-letter-carriers are, at the bottom, but a company of mercenary souls.

The chamber-maid, having shut and bolted the door, immediately the lady conducted Camillus into her chamber. The Doctor who saw Camillus enter the garden, remain'd no longer in suspence concerning this affair. Jealousy gnaw'd upon his

heart, and put him in a most desperate condition. In stead of knocking at the door, he return'd to the academy, to go and fetch his arms, that he might give the fatal blow to the ravisher of his honour. But, in regard the academy was far enough from his house, his wife and her gallant in the mean while lost no time, while the husband was taking a course to satisfie his revenge. In fine, the Doctor arrived, and knock'd at the gate with an authority no less than that of master of the house. The maid look'd out at the window, knew her master's voice, and presently went and informed her mistress thereof.

Judge then in what confusion and disorder, and what a peck of troubles these lovers were in. The maid, the better to give her mistress time to hide her gallant, made use of this trick. As she went down stairs in great haste, she pretended to fall; and, in the counterfeit fall, out went the candle. So that she was forc'd to go, and light it again. All this took up time, and gave opportunity to dispose of the lover in a place of security. Mean while the Doctor raps at the door with all his force. At last the maid comes, and opens it; but, as she opens it, feigns her self hurt. In

rushes the Doctor, with sword in hand, runs presently up to his wife's chamber, and roundly asks where the young gallant was, whom he saw enter the garden-gate?

His wife, seeming much startled at the question, answer'd There was nobody in the house but herself and her maid; that he might search all about; and, if he found his suspicion true, she would freely be content to suffer the utmost punishment could be inflicted. Upon these words, the good man takes the candle, and looks all about in every nook and corner. His jealousy carries him into every place, into the barn, into the cellar, into the garden. And, as he went thus looking in vain, and found nothing, his wife went after him with a candle in her hand, still redoubling her protestations, which made him apt to think at last that all was but meer illusion.

Thus the Doctor put up his sword in his scabbard, and gave the candle into his maids hands. He fancied, that it being somewhat dark, and he at a pretty distance when he thought he saw the gallant enter, possibly the young man might have entered into some neighbour's house. In fine, he concludes happily for his wife and gallant, that he might be deceiv'd. With these thoughts he

return'd again to the academy, purposing next morning to inform himself better in this affair by his disciple.

Mean while Camillus creeps out of his prison, the gates were made fast again, and a good supper prepared. Supper being ready, they repair to the table; and supper ended, to bed. As soon as it was light, Camillus bethought himself of retiring; but before, the fair one made him promise to come to her again the night following.

Our gallant, as soon as he had dispatch'd some other affairs of his, return'd to the academy, where he recited to his Doctor the pleasures he had enjoy'd with his mistress, and the troubles he had been put to through the pursuit of a jealous husband. The Doctor, who put a good face upon the business, and made the best of a bad market, ask'd him in what place he had been hidden? Camillus answered him, that he had been hidden in a heap of linnen which was but half dry. In conclusion, he expressed his high obligation to the Doctor, for that by his instructions he had gain'd possession of a lady, whose beauty far surpass'd all the beauties of the town. Moreover, he protested, that the goddess of love and beauty had

not a body more curiously framed than hers. At length he informed the Doctor that he was to go again the following night. And, as he had taken but little repose the foregoing night, he said he would go and take some rest. The Doctor thereupon intreated him to come again, and see him, before he went to his mistress. Camillus promis'd he would, and so they parted.

The Doctor began to have his eyes opened, before Camillus had time to shut his. He was hardly able to contain himself, while Camillus was yet speaking; and his jealousy seized so strongly upon his spirit, that he could scarce make his lecture to his scholars. His heart was even transported with grief, and he had no consolation but in his hopes of revenging himself upon the dishonesty of his wife and her gallant.

Evening being come, Camillus came to see him, and to tell him he was just going. Go in a good hour, said the Doctor, and to-morrow morning fail not to come again, and give me an account of your adventures. But the gallant was no sooner gone, but the Doctor, all armed as he was, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and follow'd him fair

and softly. He thought to overtake him by that time he got to the garden-door. But the fair one, who with impatience expected his arrival, as soon as she discern'd it was her lover, let him in, and shut the door after him.

Presently after arriv'd the Doctor, knockt at the door with all his might, and made a horrible outcry. His wife putting Camillus behind her, asked who was there? The Doctor, storming and making a fearful noise, commanded her to open. As she open'd the door she put out the candle, took her husband in with one hand, and with the other thrust Camillus out, who nimbly made his escape. As good luck would have it, the Doctor perceiv'd nothing. The Lady immediately began to cry out for help, as fearing he would kill her, and expecting the succor of the neighbourhood, she and her maid held the good man fast by the arms. The neighbours, all alarm'd, came in from all parts. They beheld the Dr armed cap-a-pe, a spectacle sufficiently surprizing. His wife made him pass for a lunatick, and told the neighbours her husband was grown mad with over-much study. They, seeing him in that posture, easily beleived her. And, while they used all their endeavours to persuade him to go and repose him, I repose my selfe,

said the Doctor, at a time when this wicked woman keeps a gallant lockt up in my house, a gallant whom with my own eyes I saw enter. Unhappy woman that I am, reply'd his wife, to have to do with such a husband! Ask all the neighbours, if ever they saw any ill action by me. Pray, Mr Doctor, said all the good neighbours, be not over-hasty to entertain any such thought of your wife. Certainly you deceive yourself, and the lady is too honest for you to have any such suspicion of her. You know not, said he, what you say: for my part I saw a man enter here a while ago, and know who he is. It is the same person who came hither last night, and I thought to surprize, but that this wicked woman hid him under a great heap of linen.

As he was going on in his speech, in come his wife's brothers, whom she had sent out for. As soon as ever she saw them, she went to them with her eyes all bathed in tears, and thus address'd her speech to them. Assist me, my dear brothers, in this unhappy condition to which you see me now reduced. My husband is become mad, and hath a design to murther me. A conceit is entered into his pate, that I keep a man here for my pleasure. I leave it to you to judge, whether I am such a

person as he would have me thought to be. The brothers immediately discourse the Doctor, and blame him for his folly and injustice. I am certain, said the Doctor, there is a man here, whom this impudent woman let in before my face not above a quarter of an hour since.

See if it be so, said the brothers; and, if we find him here, assure yourself, Doctor, we will chastise our sister according to her merit. Upon this one of them took his sister aside, and pray'd her, if she had any person concealed in the house, to confess it, to the end she might save her honour. His sister, who knew well enough there was no body, protested she was altogether innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and that she would willingly suffer death, if they found her culpable. Her brother was extremely satisfi'd with her answer.

In fine, the Doctor, and his wife's brothers, having placed the neighbours at the gate of the house to hinder this pretended gallant from making his escape, went and made search in every corner of the house. They came at last to the heap of linnen which was still remaining in the fair one's chamber, where Camillus had been concealed the night before. The Doctor made no question but to find his wife's gallant in the heap

of linnen, takes out the linnen piece by piece, but found not the person he lookt for. His wife presently began to cry out, Do you not see now plainly, that he is mad? It is but too evident, answer'd one of them. If he have not lost his senses, said another of them, we must needs conclude him to be a very naughty man, thus to disgrace our sister as he hath done.

Mean while the Doctor, knowing very well how the case stood, brake forth into a rage, and having his sword still drawn in his hand, began to run at his brothers-in-law. They having none of them a sword, took each of them a good cudgel, and having first disarmed him, belabour'd him in a most severe manner. This done, they bound him as a madman; and, for fear any misfortune should happen, lodged themselves in the house. The next morning they sent for a physician, who ordered that no body should speak to him, and that he should be kept to a diet.

Presently news was spread through the whole town, that the Dr was run mad, and upon this report a thousand reflexions were made. Don't you remember, said one of his scholars to another, that yesterday he could not go on with his lecture to us? Truly, said the other, the Doctor seem'd

very much altered from what he used to be, so that in effect he appear'd clear another man. Camillus all this while knew nothing of all this, till such time as he came again to the academy, to give the Doctor an account of his last adventure. Then it was that he understood from the scholars, that the Doctor had lost his senses, and that he lay chain'd up in his own house. He shewed himself very much troubled at the news, and took a resolution with some other of the scholars to go and give him a visit.

Our gallant was very much startled, when he saw the Doctor all battered and bruised with striving to break his chains, and lying upon a bed by the fireside. He was ready to drop down at the sight of so sad a spectacle; but the Doctor's wife being there took Camillus aside, and recited all that had passed. As for Camillus, he then first began to understand that it was from her husband he had received all his instructions of love.

All the intrigue being discover'd between them, Camillus was thinking to retire, and not see the Doctor any more. But his mistress persuaded him to go in again, well knowing that what ever the Doctor could possibly say, the company would never give any credit to the word of a person that

went for a mad-man. Camillus then approached the Doctor, and testified very much sorrow to see him in that condition. The Doctor looking upon him with a fierce look, The Devil take you, said he, Camillus, don't come hither to mock me. You have very well learnt the art of love at my cost. My dear cavalier, said the Doctor's wife, take no heed to what he saith, for he is out of his wits. Thou hast good reason, infamous woman, said the Doctor, to call him thy cavalier.

At these words the lady tipt Camillus a wink with her eye, to follow her into her chamber. Where, in regard Lucius had taken a firm resolution to part within two days, he advertis'd his mistress thereof. Who thereupon was most desperately afflicted, conjured and importuned him of all loves to stay. But he could not be prevailed with. In fine, after many tender endearments, and reciprocal promises of eternal love, Camillus took leave of his mistress. At parting he put a diamond ring upon her finger, and she on the other side took off a chain of gold from her neck, and pray'd him to keep it as a pledge of her love. Soon after, redoubling their kisses and embraces, they took leave of each other.

The morrow after Camillus obliged Lucius to be

gone. And, as they were upon the way in their journy, he imparted the story of his adventures to him; and so by little journeys they arrived in their due time at Rome.

THE TALE OF THE TWO LOVERS OF PISA.

From Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 4°, London, for Edward White, [1590,] p. 42, taken from a novel in "Le tredeci piacevoli notti," by Giovanni Fr. Straparola, Venice, 1569.

In Pisa a famous Cittie of Italye, there liued a Gentleman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue: but indéed well thought on for both: yet y^e better for his riches. This Gentleman had one onelye Daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her owne preuaile about her fathers resolution, who was determyned not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Diuers yong gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine: a maide shée must bee still; till at last an olde Doctor in the towne that professed phisicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of

the welthiest men in all Pisa: a tall stripling he was and a proper youth, his age about fourscore; his heade as white as milke, wherein for offence sake there was neuer a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie her selfe to one that might fit her content, though they liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shée was yong and forced to follow her fathers direction, who vpon large couenants was content his daughter should marry with the Doctor, and whether she likte him or no the match was made vp, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake and had not onely an olde man: but one that was so iealous, as none might enter into his house without suspition, nor shee do any thing without blame; the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better then himselfe: thus he himselfe liued in a hell and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced, that a young Gentleman of the Citie comming by her house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that so extreamelye, as his passions

had no meanes till her fauour might mittigate his heart sicke discontent. The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer beene vsed to Courte anye Gentlewoman, thought to reueale his passions to some one freend, that might giue him counsaile for the winning of her love, and thinking experience was the surest Maister, on a daye seeing the olde Doctor walking in the Churche, that was Margarets Husband, little knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discouer his passions, for that hée was olde and knewe much, and was a Physition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old man walke solitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a courteous salute, tolde him that he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not only bee secrete, but indeuour to pleasure him, his paines should bee euery way to the full considered. You must imagine gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the Doctors name, that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts bottome, and therfore reueale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counsaile may doo it. Vpon this Lionell, so was the young Gentleman

called, told and discourst vnto him from point to point how he was falne in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discouered her dwelling and the house, and for that hee was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his fauour to further him with his aduise. Mutio at this motion was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hée was fallen in loue withall: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiues chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be reuenged on them both: he dissembled the matter, and answered: that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly: but saide, she had a Churle to her husband, and therfore he thought shée would bee the more tractable: trie her man quoth hee, fainte hart neuer woonne faire Lady, and if shée will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will prouide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content, and to giue you further instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband is foorth euery after noone from thrée till sixe. Thus farre I haue aduised you, because I pitty your passions as my selfe being once a louer: but now I charge thée reueale it to none whomsoever, least it doo disparage my credit, to meddle in

amorous matters. The yong Gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gaue him harty thanks for his good counsell, promising to méete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false: he saw by experience, braue men came to besiege the castle, and séeing it was in a womans custodie, and had so weake a gouernor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered vp: which feare made him almost franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riual. Lionello he hastes him home and sutes him in his brauerye, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whome he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceiue how the gentleman was affectionate. Margaretta looking earnestlye vpon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa, thinkte her selfe fortunate, if shee might haue him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio: sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gratious fauours: which did so incourage him, that

the next daye betwéene thrée and sixe hee went to the house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the Mistris of the house, who hearing by her maids description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all curtesie.

The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to couet a Ladye, began his exordium with a blushe : and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst vnto her howe hee loued her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his seruice, as of a fréende euer vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee déerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they past they concluded, that the next day at foure of the clocke hee should come thither and eate a pounde of Cherries, which was resolued on with a *succado des labres*, and so with a loath to departe they tooke their leaues. Lionello as ioyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to méete his olde Doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke : what newes syr quoth Mutio ? how haue you sped ? Euen as I can wishe quoth

Lionello. For I haue been with my Mistresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the olde peasant her Husband looke broad headded by a paire of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can coniecture what ielousie is, insomuch that the olde Doctor askte when should be the time: mary quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone, and then Maister Doctor quoth hee, will I dub the olde Squire knight of the forked order.

Thus they past on in chat, till it grew late, and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, couering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenaunce, with full resolution to reuenge them both the next day with extremetie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next daye after dinner awaye he went, watching when it should bee foure of the clocke, at the houre iustly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarse had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her Mistresse that her Maister was at the doore: for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a little while on grafting: Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a shifte chopt Lyonello into a great driefatte full of Feathers,

and sat her downe close to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing, and as though hee came to looke some what in haste, called for the Keyes of his Chambers, and looked in euerye place, searching so narrowlye in euery corner of the house, that he left not the smallest hole vnsearcht: seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to staye in the drifatte till the household was abed: and then the maide let him out at a backedoore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

Well, the next day he went againe to méete his Doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke: What newes? quoth Mutio; how haue you sped? A plague of the old slaue, quoth Lyonello, I was no sooner in, and had giuen my mistresse one kisse, but the iealous asse was at the doore, the maide spied him and cryed her Maister: so that the poore Gentlewoman for verye shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of Feathers that stoode in an olde Chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and a sleepe, and then the maide let me out and I departed.

But it is no matter, 'twas but a chaunce, and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long: as

how? quoth Mutio. Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this day, that vpon Thursday next the old Churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all: It is well, quoth Mutio, Fortune bee your fréende: I thank you, quoth Lionello, and so after a little more prattle they departed.

To bee shorte, Thursdaye came, and about sixe of the Clocke foorth goes Mutio, no further then a freendes house of his, from whence he might descrye who went into his house, straight hee sawe Lionello enter in: and after goes hee, insomuche that he was scarselye sitten downe, before the Mayde cryed out againe, my maister comes; the goodwife that before had prouided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two séelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello, & her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, driues you home againe so soone Husband? Marrye swéete wife, quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this night which came to my remembrance, & that was this: methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe: but I could not finde the place; with that mine nose bled,

and I came backe : and by the grace of God I will seeke euery corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you doo husband, quoth she: with that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search euery chamber, euery hole, euery chest, euery tub, the very well ; he stabd euery featherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and he began to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not : vpon this he rest halfe lunaticke, & all night he was very wakefull, that towards the morning he fell into a dead sléepe, and then was Lionello conueighed away.

In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hée should be able to take Lyonello tardy : yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this : Wife quoth he, I must the next Monday ridé to Vycensa to visit an olde patient of mine ; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will haue thee staye at our little graunge house in the Countrey : marry very well content husband, quoth she : with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away he flinges to the Church, where hee méetes Lionello. What sir quoth he, what newes, is your mistresse yours in possession ?

no, a plague of the old slaue quoth he : I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by Magick : for I can no sooner enter in the doores, but he is at my backe, and so he was againe yester night : for I was not long there before the maide cried, my maister comes : and then was the poore soule faine to conueigh me betweene two séelings of a chamber in a fit place for y^e^ purpose : wher I laught hartely to my self, to sée how he sought euery corner, ransackt euery tub, and stabd euery featherbed : but in vaine, I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast a sleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you quoth Mutio : I hope quoth Lionello this is the last time, and now she wil begin to smile : for on monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will reuenge all forepassed misfortunes : God send it be so quoth Mutio, & so took his leaue. These two louers longd for monday, & at last it came early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house, where after he had brok his fast he took his leaue, & away towards Vicensa. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, & there with a company of Cuntry peasants lay in

an ambuscade to take the young gentleman: in the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping, and as soon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, & went easily a foot, & there at the very entry was entertaind by Margaret, who led him up y^e staires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but quoth she, now I hope fortun shal not enuy y^e purity of our loues. Alas alas mistris cried the maid, héer is my maister, & 100 men with him, with bils & staues: we are betraid quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man: feare not quoth she, but follow me, and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor: where stoode an olde rotten chest full of writinges, she put him into that, and couered him with old papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet hir husband: why signior Mutio what means this hurly burly quoth she? vile shamelesse strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by quoth he. Where is thy loue? all we haue watcht him & séen him enter in: now quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers nor thy seeling serue, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worst iealous foole quoth she, I ask thée no fauour: with that in a rage he beset y^e house round, and then set fire on it. Oh in

what a perplexitie was poore Lionello that was shut in a Chest, and the fire about his eares? and how was Margaret passionat, that knew her louer in such danger? yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her & said: Come on wench seing thy maister mad with ielousie hath set the house & al my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him, help me héer to lift this old chest where all his writings & déeds are, let that burne first, and as soon as I see that on fire I will walk towards my freends: for the old foole wil be beggard, and I wil refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the Chest into the feeld, and sée it were safe, himself standing by and séeing his house burnd downe sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde, he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly that he had burned her Paramour, causing his chest to be carried in a Cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her bretheren of y^{e} iealousie of her husband, who maintained it to be true, and desired but a daies respite to prooue it. Wel, hée was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter

and him fréends againe. In the meane time he to his woonted walk in the Church, & there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking: wondring at this, he straight enquires what newes? What newes Maister Doctor quoth he, & he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scowring, for, syrrha I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten vp the Chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bils & staues, and that he might be sure no séeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire: and so burnt it down to the ground: why quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? alas quoth he, wel fare a womans wit, she conueighed me into an old chest full of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne, and so I was saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This quoth he, is the pleasantest iest that euer I heard: and vpon this I haue a sute to you, I am this night bidden foorth to supper, you shall be my guest, onelye I will craue so much fauour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte, to make relation what successe you haue had in your loues: for that I wil not sticke quothe he, and so he caried Lionello to his mother in lawes house

with him, and discouered to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband: at this all the brethren bad him welcome, & so did the mother to, & Margaret she was kept out of sight: supper time being come, they fell to their victals, & Lionello was carrowst vnto by Mutio, who was very pleasant to draw him to a merry humor that he might to the ful discourse the effect & fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the Gentleman what had hapned between him and his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his Mistresse, the house and stréet where she dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, & how he vsed the counsell of this Doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a great feare, & when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be giuen him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret: as he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirme all for a troth, the Gentlewoman drunke to him: who taking the cup and seing the ring, hauing a quick wit & a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceiued that all this while this

was his louers husband, to whome hee had reuealed these escapes: at this drinking y^e^ wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward; gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? wel quoth the gentlemen, I pray you is it true? as true quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reueal what I did to Margarets husband; for you know gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my louer, and for y^t^ he was generally known through Pisa to be a iealous fool; therfore with these tales I brought him into this paradice, which indeed are follies of mine own braine; for trust me by the faith of a gentleman I neuer spake to the woman, was neuer in her companye, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamde that Lionello had so scoft him; but all was well, they were made friends, but the iest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello wedded the ladye, and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

INTRODUCTION.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING was first printed in quarto in the year 1600. In the register of the Stationers' Company on the 23rd of August, together with the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, it was entered to Andrew Wyse and William Aspley, for whom it was printed by Valentine Sims in the same year 1600. Meres's list of 1598 does not include *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the *Henry IV.* included in that list may have been only the First Part. The Second Part of *Henry IV.*, therefore, may have been written between 1598 and 1600, followed within the same period by *Much Ado about Nothing* and *Henry V.* Of *Henry V.* we have internal evidence that it was finished between April and September, 1599. These plays, therefore, evidently lie together in Shakespeare's course of work.

The chief characters in Shakespeare's comedy are Bene dick and Beatrice; but the story of Hero, with which they are interwoven, provides all the action. There is, as we shall find, good reason for this in Shakespeare's conception of the play. The story of Hero is taken, with Shakespeare's variations, from a tale that had been current in literature. Matteo Bandello, born at Castelnuovo in 1480, began his work in life as a Dominican friar, and travelled with an uncle who was general of the order. He retired to France after the battle of Pavia in 1525, when he had been ruined by the foreign conquests in Italy. He was Bishop of Agen from 1550 to 1555, keeping the place warm till a minor came of age, and then retiring in his favour. Bandello

amused himself with the writing of short stories then called novels, and the first collection of them was published in 1554 when his age was seventy-four, and he still held the bishopric. He was a poet, and a good Greek scholar; and he died at the age of eighty-one in 1561. Among his novels was a tale, the twenty-second in his series of two hundred and fourteen, wherein the Signor Scipione Attellano narrates how the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, being with the King Piero (that is Pedro) of Aragon in Messina, fell in love with Fenicia Lionata, and the various and fortunate accidents that happened before he took her for his wife. There is no known translation of this tale; but before 1600 there was in England a great demand for novels translated from the Italian. Bandello himself may have borrowed the ground plan of his tale from Ariosto, whose story of Ariodantes and Geneura, beginning towards the close of the fourth canto of his "Orlando Furioso," extends over the fifth canto and into the beginning of the sixth. That part of the "Orlando Furioso" had been first published in 1515, nearly forty years before Bandello wrote his tale. We may regard, therefore, the story of the fraud practised against Hero as having its origin from Ariosto, in 1515, from whom Spenser adapted it as—in the abused lover—an image of intemperate haste, in the Second Book of his "Faerie Queene," the Book of Temperance. The tale of the Squire who was brought to mischief through Occasion, and made the victim of Furor, begins at the eighteenth stanza of the fourth canto of Spenser's Book of Temperance. Here, as in Ariosto and in Bandello, the deceiver is not a hard-natured Don John, as Shakespeare wisely represents, but a bosom friend who slips into falsehood through a secret rivalry in love. Shakespeare's Hero is Spenser's Claribella, Shakespeare's Margaret is Spenser's Pryene, Don John is "Philemon, false faytour Philemon," and Claudio is Phedon; but Phedon in mad fury slew Claribella, poisoned

Philemon, and was chasing Pryene when Guyon, the knight of Temperance, saved him from Fury. And when he had told his tale

> "Said Guyon, Squire, sore have ye been diseased,
> But all your hurts may soon through Temperance be eased."

Spenser took his tale from Ariosto, but one or two touches in it suggest that he may also have read Bandello, the dates of the several versions being, Ariosto, 1515; Bandello, 1554; Spenser, 1590. At a time when all the polite world of England read Italian tales, it is not unlikely that Shakespeare thought it worth while to pick up as much Italian as would enable him also to read them, but Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto appeared in 1591, a year after the publication of the first three cantos of the "Faerie Queen." At the close of this volume the reader will find, in the excellent modern version of William Stewart Rose, the tale as told by Ariosto.

Bandello's tale was Ariosto's "Ariodantes and Geneura," translated into an Italian prose romance of daily life, according to the custom of that skilful story-teller. It was Bandello's custom to connect incidents of his stories in a definite way with places and persons, and with actual historical events, which gave them an air of exact record; he was ingenious also in the invention of details that filled in the outline of his story and served well to realise its incidents. It was from Bandello only that Shakespeare could have taken Messina as the scene of his tale, Leonato as the name of Hero's father, and brought in Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon. This particular tale of Bandello's has not come down to us in an old translation, and there is no modern translation of it, but Bandello's stories were familiar in England. The "Tragical Discourses" written out of French and Latin by Geoffrey Fenton, and published in 1567, were praised by his friend George Turbervile (who himself versified "Tragical

Tales"), for helping to bring Bandello home to English readers.

> "Now men of meanest skill what Bandel wrought may view,
> And tell the tale in English well that erst they never knew,
> Discourse of sundry strange and tragical affairs,
> Of loving ladies, hapless haps, their deaths and deadly cares."

The "tragical affair" of Hero is, however, treated as fortunate by Bandello, for its happy ending. Much abridged in my translation, it runs thus:

In the year 1282, the Sicilians, weary of French rule, with unheard-of cruelty, killed in one day at the hour of vespers all the French who were in Isola. Every Sicilian lady who was expected to give birth to the child of a French father was pitilessly slain, whence the sad name of the Sicilian Vespers. When the King Pedro of Aragon learnt this, he came suddenly in arms and seized rule over Isola, which the Pope Nicholas III. had told him was his by right of his wife Constance, daughter of King Manfred. King Charles of Anjou who had rule over Naples came then by sea with a very great force to drive Pedro out of Sicily, and there was a great battle in which King Charles was defeated and taken prisoner. Then, for the better attention to war matters, King Pedro established his queen at Messina, because Messina was opposite to Italy, and there was ready passage thence into Calabria.

Shakespeare omits, as beside his purpose, these definite details; but if we choose to supply them from Bandello, the date of Shakespeare's play is in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and the victory from which King Pedro with Claudio and Benedick are returning is the victory over Charles of Anjou. Having fixed a historical date for his tale, Bandello goes on to his story. King Pedro held at Messina a brilliant court, and in rejoicing for the victory there were jousts and dances. A gentleman high

in King Pedro's favour for his conduct in the war, the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, fell deeply in love with the daughter of Lionato de' Lionati, a gentleman of Messina. Shakespeare makes Lionato Governor of Messina. Bandello represented him as a gentleman of the best ancestry, decayed in fortune, living in a large palace, of which part was left unoccupied. Lionato's daughter, loved by Signor Timbreo, was named Fenicia—rightly so named, it is said in the close, because she was a Phœnix. Shakespeare calls her Hero. Signor Timbreo had received many marks of his king's favour; he had made him Count of Collisano, and given him other possessions, so that he had an income of twelve thousand ducats, besides his pension from the King. Claudio, Shakespeare's Signor Timbreo, also is a Count, much favoured by his Prince.

Signor Timbreo began to pass every day before the house of Fenicia, counting himself happy on the day in which he saw her. He was well dressed and handsome, and she looked on him with pleasure. He sent her letters, but she did not answer them, reserving all her kindness for her future husband. Then he resolved to ask her of her father. He confided his purpose to a gentleman of Messina, from whom Messer Lionato heard with great pleasure the offer of Signor Timbreo, and communicated it to his wife and his daughter Fenicia, to whom also the offer was extremely pleasing. It was soon known throughout Messina that Signor Timbreo di Cardona was to marry Fenicia, daughter of Messer Lionato de' Lionati, who injured nobody and helped others as far as he was able. He had won general goodwill in Messina, and the news of his daughter's match gave pleasure throughout the town.

There was in Messina another young cavalier of noble family, the Signor Girondo Olerio Valenziano, who had shown courage in the war, and lived in splendour at the court. He had infinite ill-will to the new engagement.

because he had himself fallen in love with Fenicia, and thought he should die unless he had her for his wife. When he heard of her engagement before he had himself spoken to her father, he allowed himself to be carried away into the doing of an action shameful not to a gentleman only, but to any man. He had been Signor Timbreo's comrade in the wars, and was bound to him in a brotherly friendship; but of their love one had not spoken to the other. Signor Girondo thought to sow such discord between Signor Timbreo and his beloved that the promise of marriage would be broken; and in that case, when he himself asked her of her father for a wife, he hoped to have her.

Signor Girondo found a light and evil-minded youth of the court fit for his purpose, carefully instructed him, and sent him next morning to Signor Timbreo, who had not yet come abroad, but was walking in the garden of his inn. The youth said that he had come so early to communicate a matter of the highest importance, which he ought not to conceal. He heard yesterday that Timbreo had agreed with Lionato for a marriage with his daughter Fenicia. Let him be careful what he did, and have regard to his honour. "A gentleman, a friend of mine," said the youth, "visits her two or three nights a week, and is going to her this evening. If you give me your word that you will not attack me or my friend, I will place you where you shall see all. My service due to you for many kindnesses obliges me to make this known. It is enough for me that I have done my duty." Signor Timbreo, all amazed, expressed eternal obligations to the youth, and pledged his faith that he would do no violence if taken where he might see all the truth with his own eyes. At last the youth bade him come at three o'clock that night to the ruined part of Messer Lionato's house that was beside the garden, and he should be set to watch. The youth then departed, and went in search of the perfidious Girondo, to whom he

told all that he had arranged with Signor Timbreo. Girondo took then one of his servants whom he had taught what he should do, put on him an honourable dress, and scented him with sweet perfumes. The servant went with the youth who had spoken with Signor Timbreo, followed by another with a ladder on his shoulders.

Who could tell how Signor Timbreo had felt through all this day? The too credulous and unfortunate gentleman, blinded by the veil of jealousy, had eaten little or nothing; and whoever looked in his face would have thought him more dead than alive. Half an hour before his time he was at the appointed place among the ruins, from which he could see all. The night was not dark, but very still. He heard steps approaching. As the three passed him he heard the one who was perfumed as a lover say to him who carried the ladder, "Take care that you place the ladder silently. When we came last, Fenicia said that you put it up with too much noise." These words went like sharp swords to the heart of Signor Timbreo. He was unarmed, and they were armed; but the gnawing of jealousy almost forced him to rush out upon the man whom he believed to be Fenicia's lover. The three went to a window in Lionato's house, planted the ladder noiselessly against a balcony, he who represented the lover mounted, and went inside the house. Timbreo thought all proved. His love for Fenicia changed to hate. He would see her no more, and went back to his inn. The youth saw him depart, and made a sign to the disguised servant, who came down the ladder again. Then they all went to the house of Signor Girondo, who rejoiced at the news they brought him, and considered himself to have already won the fair Fenicia.

Signor Timbreo, who slept but little for the rest of that night, was up betimes, and sent for the citizen of Messina through whom he had asked Lionato for his daughter. He, being fully instructed by Signor Timbreo, went at dinner

time to seek Messer Lionato, whom he found pacing his room while waiting until dinner was ready; and the innocent Fenicia was there also, who, in company with her two younger sisters and her mother, was quilting silk. The citizen, having been kindly received, said, "Messer Lionato, I have a message to you and to your wife and Fenicia, from Signor Timbreo." "You are welcome," he answered, "and what is it? Wife and Fenicia, come and hear with me what Signor Timbreo has to tell us." Then the messenger said, "It is usual that ambassadors should not suffer for repeating what they are bidden to say. I come to you, sent by another, and am infinitely grieved to bring news that will do you injury. The Signor Timbreo di Cardona bids me say to you, Messer Lionato, and to your lady, that you should provide yourselves with another son-in-law, because he does not intend to have you for parents; not because of any fault in you, whom he believes to be loyal and honest, but because he has seen with his own eyes that in Fenicia which he could never have believed. To you, now, Fenicia, he says that the love he bore you ought never to have received such guerdon as you have given him, and that you must provide yourself with another husband, as you are already provided with another lover." When Fenicia heard these and other bitter words she was as dead, and so were, at first, her father and mother; but Lionato, recovering spirit, said to the ambassador, "I always doubted from the time when you first spoke to me of this marriage, that Signor Timbreo would hold to his offer, because I knew well, and know, that I am a poor gentleman, and not his peer. Nevertheless, if he repented of taking a wife, it should have been enough to say that he would not; he ought not to put, as he does, a stain of shame upon my daughter. I know very well that anything is possible, but I know, also, how my daughter has been brought up, and what are her ways of life. The just God shall be judge, and shall, one

day, I hope, make known the truth." The messenger departed, and Lionato remained in the belief that Signor Timbreo had repented of a marriage below his rank. Messer Lionato himself came of one of the oldest and noblest houses in Messina, yet his wealth was but that of a private gentleman, though there was old memory of ancestors, who had broad lands, castles, and wide jurisdiction, lost in the political changes and the civil wars of Isola. As the good father had never seen in his daughter anything dishonest, he thought that his poverty had been despised.

Fenicia, feeling herself to have been most wrongfully accused would rather die than live; she lost all colour, and was carried, looking like a marble statue, to her bed.

Doctors and women-friends came round her bed. The women wept, and she, recovering a little, bade them cease from tears that could not help and only added to her grief.

"What has happened," she said, "has been God's will, and we must be patient. It is not repudiation, but the shame mixed with it that has struck me to the heart. Signor Timbreo might have said that I did not please him for a wife, and all would have been well; but he has put me to eternal shame before all the people of Messina for offence which I not only have not committed, but which has never come into my mind. Every one knows that the Lionati were the oldest family in Isola, being descended, as there is record to show, from a most noble family that was in Rome before the birth of Christ. For their little wealth I could have been repudiated without adding this cruel stain. God knows my innocence and that I speak truth. To His name be glory and worship. Who knows but that He wills my salvation by this means. So high a marriage might have made me proud, despising this person or that, and perhaps I should have had less knowledge of God's goodness towards me. Let God do with me what pleases Him, and bring to me through this my sorrow the salvation of my soul.

And may He open Signor Timbreo's eyes; not that he may marry me, for I am dying, but that all the world some day may know that I am most innocent of that shame imputed to me, which now kills me, innocent as I shall be known at the judgment seat of Christ, to whom I commend the soul that seeks escape to Him out of this earthly prison."

Her grief depriving her of speech she babbled words that could not be understood, crossed her hands over her breast, and lay as dead.

The doctors departed, saying grief had killed her. Sad lamentations came from father, mother, friends. After five or six hours had passed, her burial was arranged for the next day.

The mother, more dead than alive, when the other women were gone, called to herself the wife of a brother of Messer Lionato, and those two alone, desiring no other assistance, caused water to be heated, and shut themselves in the chamber, and having unclothed Fenicia, began to wash her body with warm water. The spirits of Fenicia had been seven hours away, when they began to return to their offices as the cold limbs were washed, and, giving visible signs of life, the maiden opened her eyes. Her mother and aunt almost cried aloud, but put hands on her heart, and felt some movement; then with hot cloths and other remedies they restored her silently, until Fenicia said with a deep sigh, "Ah me, where am I?" "Do you not see," said her mother, "that you are with me and with your aunt? You had fallen into so deep a swoon that we believed you dead. But God be praised that you are living." "Alas!" replied Fenicia, "how much better it would be if I were dead, and escaped from all this trouble!" "Choose life, daughter, since so it pleases God. To all ills there is remedy." Hiding her joy, the mother opened the door a little way to cause Messer Lionato to be called, who came at once. It need not be asked whether he was joyful when he saw his

daughter returned to herself. It was resolved that no one should be told of this recovery, and that Fenicia, fully recovered with delicate food and costly wine, should be entrusted to her aunt who was there present, and taken out of Messina to her uncle's villa. Lionato sent for his brother, who was named Messer Girolamo, who took her on the following night to his house, and kept her there most secretly under his wife's care, with a sister of Fenicia who was thirteen or fourteen years old. Fenicia was sixteen, and the intention was to keep her till the growth and change of two or three more years would make it possible to marry her under another name. On the following day the obsequies of Fenicia were publicly performed by Lionato according to his rank. A coffin supposed to contain her body was placed in the family tomb amidst general lament, and an epitaph was inscribed in sad verse, showing how Fenicia had died praying God to make her innocence at last appear.

After all this Signor Timbreo was in great grief, not knowing what to think. It seemed to him that he ought not to be blamed, because he had seen a man mount the ladder and enter the house. But thinking more over what he had seen, now that his passion had cooled, he said to himself that perhaps the house might have been entered to meet another lady, or for robbery. He then remembered that the house of Messer Lionato was very large and that no one inhabited that part which the man had entered, and that Fenicia, sleeping with her sister in a chamber within that of her father and mother, could not have come through her father's chamber to this side, so that his thoughts were disturbed with conflict and he could not sleep. In like manner Signor Girondo, hearing how Fenicia had died, and knowing himself to have been the cause of the great scandal that killed her, became so desperate with grief of heart that two or three times he was about to stab himself. He could neither eat nor sleep, and on the seventh day from

Fenicia's funeral he felt that he could live no longer without discovering to Signor Timbreo his wicked deed. He went therefore towards the king's court: on his way he met Signor Timbreo returning from Court to his inn, and Girondo then invited Signor Timbreo to come with him to a place close by, to do him a service. He took him to the church in which there was the tomb of the Lionati, and bade the servants wait without. Within the church they were alone; and Signor Girondo, leading Signor Timbreo to the place where the epitaph said that Fenicia lay, and kneeling before it, gave a dagger to his friend, told his crime, and asked death for it at Signor Timbreo's hands; if his abused friend would not, in pity, kill him, he would kill himself. Signor Timbreo, in extreme emotion, began to weep bitterly, and prayed Signor Girondo to rise from his knees and tell him more fully of his love and of his crime. At the same time he threw the dagger far from him. God, without whose will not a leaf stirs on a tree, had permitted this. He had sinned by his credulity; from both of them all joy was gone; but neither of them could by death or vengeance bring Fenicia back. They would restore the fair fame of the innocent girl by public declaration of the truth to her parents, and afterwards to all the people of Messina. Signor Girondo put himself in his friend's hands; they knelt together weeping at the tomb, and then went together to the house of Lionato, where they told the truth to him and offered him all service in their power. Messer Lionato in joy and tenderness embraced them both, and asked only of Signor Timbreo that when he wished to marry he should let him know, and take the wife whom he might offer, if she pleased him. Then the people of Messina learnt the truth, and a post was sent by her father to Fenicia to tell what had occurred; whereat she rejoiced greatly and thanked God for her recovered honour.

A year had passed, during which Fenicia lived undiscovered

in her uncle's house, completed her seventeenth year, and had so grown in person and advanced in beauty, that she would not have been known for the former Fenicia by those who believed Fenicia to be dead. Her sister, named Belfiore, was fifteen, and scarcely less beautiful. Lionato, seeing this, and being one day in company with the two gentlemen, said to Signor Timbreo: "It is now time to remind you of your kind promise to me. I think I have found a wife who will content you, when you see her. If you do not find so much love as there was in Fenicia, I can promise that you will not find less beauty or nobility. You shall see her, and do freely what you think is most for your advantage. On Sunday morning I will come to your inn with some following of kinsmen and friends, and you, with Signor Girondo, shall come with us to a villa some three miles from Messina, where we will hear mass, and afterwards you can see the lady of whom I have spoken."

The invitation was accepted. The two gentlemen were escorted to the villa, where they were received with honour. After the mass, they went into a tapestried dining hall, into which came many fair ladies, among whom were Fenicia and Belfiore, Fenicia shining among the beauties as the moon among the stars. Messer Lionato took Signor Timbreo by the hand, and introduced him to Fenicia, called always in that house Lucilla, as the bride he had chosen for him, if he pleased to have her. "I would accept from you," he said, "not only this lady who looks so royal, but any other whom you might have chosen." The lady declared herself ready to do all that Messer Lionato promised for her. At the first sight of her, when she entered the chamber, Signor Timbreo had felt his heart strangely drawn to her as it had been drawn to Fenicia. Then they sat at table, the bride at the head, Signor Timbreo at her right hand, with Belfiore opposite to him, at whose right hand was the Cavalier Girondo. After dinner, Fenicia's aunt

playfully said, "Signor Bridegroom, have you ever before taken a wife?" Then, Signor Timbreo, moved to tears, told his sad story, and Girondo joined in the tale with deep emotion. Other questioning made clear the depth of his affection, and the happy father then made known to him that he was marrying Fenicia; and as he had married her under the false name of Lucilla, he married her again as Fenicia, his friend Girondo presenting the ring, in the same ceremony, to the most fair Belfiore.

When King Pedro heard of these things, he caused the marriage to be celebrated with brilliant festival at Court, honoured the two friends, enriched Lionato, and himself gave a noble dowry to Fenicia.

In Shakespeare's treatment of the old story of Ariosto's thus adapted by Bandello—which is itself a tale of Much Ado about a supposition that was Nothing—though the old tale, skilfully adapted, is the story of the play, yet it becomes wholly subordinate to the scenes showing the loves of Benedick and Beatrice, whose wit combats are also, from Shakespeare's point of view, Much Ado about Nothing. With all their wit they are as far removed from the real duties of life as the unreasoning deliverances of Dogberry and Verges, and they also make Much Ado about Nothing.

In one of his earliest plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare had represented a king of Navarre and many kindly lords of his court putting aside the work of life for banquet of the mind. Biron is the wittiest of them, but when it comes to choosing of wives his Rosaline says to him:—

> "Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
> Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
> Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
> Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
> Which you on all estates will execute
> That lie within the mercy of your wit:
> To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;

> And therewithal to win me, if you please,
> You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
> Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
> With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
> With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
> To enforce the pained impotent to smile."

In *Much Ado about Nothing* the playful idleness of mockery in Benedick and Beatrice is changed to noble earnest by contact with the real sorrows of life. The soul of the whole play speaks clearly in the scene between Benedick and Beatrice after the great wrong that has been done to Hero.

Benedick is no mere jester, though he has a buoyant spirit and a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. He is a man of noble temper and proved courage in the field. In Beatrice, too, there is a high, noble spirit, full of strength and tenderness, but she also is gifted with a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. Many a love between man and woman, ending in life-long alliance for the noblest work, may have begun with wit-combats like those of Benedick and Beatrice. But such love could not rest on the much ado about nothing of the pleasant raillery. Its foundation was a common interest in the realities of life. Unloving mockery Shakespeare gives only to the men who are like devils in mood, Richard III. and Iago. Here we have loving mockery expressed in form of the most genial comedy. It is evident from the first that Benedick has spacious lodging in the mind of Beatrice. In the first scene, when the messenger brings news of victory and the return of Don Pedro and his soldiers to Messina, Beatrice, with merry gibe, asks only whether Benedick is coming back. When he returns with his companions, she takes possession of him. Neither yet knows the deeper interest that underlies their readiness to pelt each other with small flowers of rhetoric, and keep up a lively strain of mockery that has no note of malice in it.

The summer sport with its garden scenes, is dated at the outset in July.

" *Claudio.* —from my house—if I had it—
Benedick. The sixth of July : your loving friend, Benedick."

The base trick against Hero Shakespeare does not allow to be, as in the original tale, the act of a gentleman who loves her. He transfers this infamy to a man whose whole mind jars against the right music of life, and who, as brother to Don Pedro, against whom also he had plotted, is linked naturally to the story. By this change the poet also lightens the serious part of the tale of a load that would have dragged heavily at the robes of comedy.

The tricks upon Benedick and Beatrice, by which they are brought together, do not cause them to love, but open to their generous minds a knowledge of themselves, which had lain buried under a too-persistent playfulness that was at odds with serious speech, and gave no matter for earnest thought. The suggestion to each that there was love in the other had more truth in it than the suggesters knew. Through belief of that suggestion, the bar of idle talk—the Much Ado about Nothing—broke down. Observe how the high spirit of Hero answers to the words she hears when hidden in the arbour :

" What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on : I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band ;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly."

There is a delightful escape from that part of the old tale which would have been most unfit for a comedy, by

transferring the discovery of the plot against Hero from a repentant lover or confession by Don John, to the worthy watchmen under Dogberry and Verges, who transform what would have been tearful dole into the brightest comedy. It is comedy also in perfect accord with what may be considered as the point of view from which the play has been constructed. Dogberry and Verges exercise wonderfully the little wit they have, but in the scene of the hearing of Conrade and Borachio it may be observed that while Dogberry is the man of empty words, the Sexton, who says little, does all the real business of the examination.

In the opening scene of the Fourth Act—within a public church, if we are so to interpret some suggestions in preceding scenes, although the scene itself rather suggests a chapel in the house of Leonato—the loving care of Beatrice for Hero, her unbroken faith, "Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied," her womanly resentment of the cruel insult that has struck her cousin down, bring her when all others have left, face to face with Benedick in an hour of human suffering and trial. The direct speech between them is now heart to heart; frank admission of the love between them with a very little touch of the old playful attitude towards each other, from which all mocking is gone; but out of it flashes her noble, passionate resentment of the wrong done to her cousin. Their dialogue is of few words, every word to the point; and its climax with the cry of Beatrice, "Kill Claudio!" It is a noble scene; and if ever the part of Benedick be here so acted as to produce laughter, let the actor wear sackcloth and ashes, and re-study his part.

In the first scene of the Fifth Act, when Benedick comes to challenge Claudio, Shakespeare represents him firm and of few words, which are contrasted with a pelting of small jests at him by Claudio and Don Pedro. The play of wit about him is used now as foil to his own manly simplicity,

and when Benedick has left them, Don Pedro says, "He is in earnest."

"*Claudio.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claudio. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Claudio. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man."

What Thomas Carlyle called the "apes of the Dead Sea" undertake to cure him. They dwell by the living waters, they are our giants, who can speak plain words of truth and join them to true deeds. H. M.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Aragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Attendant on Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *Followers of John.*
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *Two Officers.*
FRIAR FRANCIS.
A Sexton.
A Boy.
HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE—MESSINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, *Governor of Messina,* INNOGEN *his wife,* HERO *his daughter, and* BEATRICE *his niece, with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the birdbolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there

no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and Don* JOHN.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be

forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead ; and let me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's : commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper ; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage ; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it,—

D Pedro. The sixth of July : your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience : and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach : teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end,
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it? But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Exit* Antonio. *Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I can-

not hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it

agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith: she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice,

get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To* HERO.] Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you:' but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be

too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless

you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and angers them, and

then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me!

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his

birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent ; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then, Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you : the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block : an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her : my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester ; that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her, for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How, then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but

then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There is little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is

hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer

an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord: but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring

them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy,—

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a

fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife: and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not; I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent

musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and musicians.*

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!—

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.—

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on its own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.*

Bene. [*Aside.*] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. [*Sings.*]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and Musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay.—[*Aside to* PEDRO.] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful,

that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?—

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.—

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, —you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.—

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but

that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.—

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.—

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would

flout her:—'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily

keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.—

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see,

which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud,—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair: 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of

the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;'—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleachéd bower
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin:

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couchéd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothéd lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block movéd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She 'd mock me into air : O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment—

Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.—

Urs. [*Aside.*] She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.—
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

Beat. [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on : I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band ;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Aragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper,—for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downwards, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman

there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and all his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet it is no charm for the toothache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

John. [*To* CLAUD.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you: and circumstances shortened—for she has been too long a talking of—the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered,

even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to

be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are

sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will

not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah-ha? Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.—

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.—

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.—

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?—

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.—

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have

to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an' bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife;

otherwise 't is light, and not heavy : ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now ? do you speak in the sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love ;' that goes without a burden : do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels !—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin : 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill —heigh-ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?

Marg. Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart's desire !

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why, Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he

swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—Well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here 's that shall drive some of them to a *nonconte :* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, *Don* John, Leonato, *Friar* Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *and Attendants.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrainéd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approvéd wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True!—O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talked with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie: they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [HERO *swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirchéd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Fri. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,—
If ever love had interest in his liver—
And wish he had not so accuséd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levelled false,

The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'T is well consented : presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged : have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar*, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you.

By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with* Conrade *and* Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain: We have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.

—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down — Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be

bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God 's my life! where 's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;

And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child :
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away ! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast killed my child :
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :

But that 's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow me.
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I loved my niece ;
And she is dead ; slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man, I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all !

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter :
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not.—I will

make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him: he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together,

trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!'

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths;

secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had

rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery.—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,

That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died ; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones :—sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us :
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
From henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit* MARG.

[*Singing.*]

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady'

but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession : there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question :—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : therefore is it most expedient for the wise—if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary—to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for

praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.'

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's,
Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Margaret, Beatrice, Ursula, *Friar* Francis, *and* Hero.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither masked:
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]—You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirmed countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here 's the friar ready. [*Exit* ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—

Tush! fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:
And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she 's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*]
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, have been deceived : they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter. Then, you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her ;

For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol 'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.— For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer;

which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word ; therefore play, music ! —Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

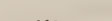
Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arméd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

ARIODANTES AND GENEURA.

ARIODANTES AND GENEURA.

From Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," Canto IV. 51 to VI. 15.



Day after day the good Rinaldo fares,
Forced by the wind, the spacious ocean through;
Now westward borne, and now towards the Bears;
For night and day the ceaseless tempest blew.
Scotland at last her dusky coast uprears,
And gives the Caledonian wood to view;
Which, through its shadowy groves of ancient oak,
Oft echoes to the champion's sturdy stroke.

Through this roves many a famous cavalier,
Renowned for feats in arms, of British strain;
And throng from distant land, or country near,
French, Norse, or German knights, a numerous train.
Let none, save he be valiant, venture here,
Where, seeking glory, death may be his gain.

Here Arthur, Galahad, and Gawaine fought,
And well Sir Launcelot and Tristram wrought.

And other worthies of the table round
(Of either table, whether old or new);
Whose trophies yet remain upon the ground;
Proof of their valiant feats. Rinaldo true
Forthwith his armour and Bayardo found,
And landed on the woody coast. The crew
He bade, with all the haste they might, repair
To Berwick's neighbouring port, and wait him there.

Without a guide or company he went
Through that wide forest; choosing now this way,
Now that, now other, as it might present
Hope of adventurous quest or hard assay:
And, ere the first day's circling sun is spent,
The peer is guested in an abbey grey:
Which spends much wealth in harbouring those who claim
Its shelter, warlike knight or wandering dame.

The monks and abbot to Mount Alban's peer
A goodly welcome in their house accord;

Who asked, but not before with savoury cheer
He amply had his wearied strength restored,
If in that tract by errant cavalier
Often adventurous quest might be explored,
In which a man might prove, by dangerous deed,
If blame or glory were his fitting meed.

They answered, in those woods he might be sure
Many and strange adventures would be found ;
But deeds there wrought were, like the place, obscure,
And for the greater part not bruited round.
" Then seek (they said) a worthier quest, secure
Your works will not be buried underground.
So that the glorious act achieved, as due,
Fame may your peril and your pain pursue.

" And if you would your warlike worth assay,
Prepare the worthiest enterprise to hear,
That, e'er in times of old or present day,
Was undertaken by a cavalier.
Our monarch's daughter needs some friendly stay,
Now sore bested, against a puissant peer :
Lurcanio is the doughty baron's name,
Who would bereave her both of life and fame.

"Her he before her father does pursue,
Perchance yet more for hatred than for right;
And vouches, to a gallery she updrew
A lover, seen by him, at dead of night.
Hence death by fire will be the damsel's due,
Such is our law, unless some champion fight
On her behalf, and, ere a month go by,
(Nigh spent) upon the accuser prove the lie.

"Our impious Scottish law, severe and dread,
Wills that a woman, whether low or high
Her state, who takes a man into her bed,
Except her husband, for the offence shall die.
Nor is there hope of ransom for her head,
Unless to her defence some warrior hie;
And as her champion true, with spear and shield,
Maintain her guiltless in the listed field.

"The king, sore grieving for Geneura bright,
For such is his unhappy daughter's name,
Proclaims by town and city, that the knight
Who shall deliver her from death and shame,
He to the royal damsel will unite,
With dower well suited to a royal dame;
So that the valiant warrior who has stood
In her defence, be come of gentle blood.

"But if within a month no knight appear,
Or coming, conquer not, the damsel dies.
A like emprise were worthier of your spear
Than wandering through these woods in lowly guise.
Besides, the eternal trophy you shall rear,
You by the deed shall gain a glorious prize,
The sweetest flower of all the ladies fair
That betwixt Ind and Atlas' pillars are.

"And you with wealth and state shall guerdoned be,
So that you evermore may live content,
And the king's grace, if through your means he see
His honour raised anew, now well-nigh spent.
Besides, you by the laws of chivalry
Are bound to venge the damsel foully shent.
For she, whose life is by such treason sought,
Is chaste and spotless in the common thought."

When the new dawn, with streaks of red and white,
Broke in the east, and cleared the hemisphere,
Rinaldo took his steed and armour bright:
A squire that abbey furnished to the peer.

With him, for many leagues and miles, the knight
Pricked through the dismal forest dark and drear;
While they towards the Scottish city ride,
Where the poor damsel's cause is to be tried.

Seeking their way to shorten as they wound,
They to the wider track a path preferred;
When echoing through the gloomy forest round,
Loud lamentations nigh the road were heard.
Towards a neighbouring vale, whence came the sound,
This his Bayardo, that his hackney spurred;
And viewed, between two grisly ruffians there,
A girl, who seemed at distance passing fair.

But woe-begone and weeping was the maid
As ever damsel, dame, or wight was seen;
Hard by the barbarous twain prepared the blade,
To deluge with that damsel's blood the green.
She to delay her death awhile essayed,
Until she pity moved with mournful mien.
This when Rinaldo near approaching eyes,
He thither drives with threats and furious cries.

The ruffians turn their backs and take to flight
As soon as they the distant succour view,

And squat within a valley out of sight:
Nor cares the good Rinaldo to pursue.
To her approaching, sues Mount Alban's knight,
To say what on her head such evil drew;
And, to save time, commands his squire to stoop,
And take the damsel on his horse's croup.

And as the lady nearer he surveyed,
Her wise behaviour marked and beauty's bloom;
Though her fair countenance was all dismayed,
And by the fear of death o'erspread with gloom
Again to know, the gentle knight essayed,
Who had prepared for her so fell a doom;
And she began to tell in humble tone
What to another canto I postpone.

"Of direr deed than ever yet was done,"
The gentle dame began, "Sir cavalier,
In Thebes, Mycene, Argos, or upon
Other more savage soil, prepare to hear;
And I believe that if the circling sun
To these our Scottish shores approach less near
Than other land, 't is that he would eschew
A foul ferocious race that shocks his view.

"All times have shown that man has still pursued
With hate, in every clime, his natural foe;
But to deal death to those who seek our good
Does from too ill and foul a nature flow.
Now, that the truth be better understood,
I shall from first to last the occasion show,
Why in my tender years, against all right,
Those caitiffs would have done me foul despite.

"'T is fitting you should know that, in the spring
Of life, I to the palace made resort;
There served long time the daughter of the king,
And grew with her in growth, well placed in court.
When cruel love, my fortune envying,
Willed I should be his follower and his sport;
And made, beyond each Scottish lord and knight,
Albany's duke find favour in my sight.

"And for he seemed to cherish me above
All mean; his love a love as ardent bred.
We hear, indeed, and see, but do not prove
Man's faith, nor is his bosom's purpose read.
Believing still, and yielding to my love,
I ceased not till I took him to my bed;
Nor, of all chambers, in that evil hour,
Marked I was in Geneura's priviest bower.

"Where, hoarded, she with careful privacy
Preserved whatever she esteemed most rare;
There many times she slept. A gallery
From thence projected into the open air.
Here oft I made my lover climb to me,
And (what he was to mount) a hempen stair,
When him I to my longing arms would call,
From the projecting balcony let fall.

"For here my passion I as often fed
As good Geneura's absence made me bold;
Who with the varying season changed her bed,
To shun the burning heat or pinching cold,
And Albany, unseen and safely sped;
For, fronting a dismantled street, and old,
Was built that portion of the palace bright;
Nor any went that way by day or night.

"So was for many days and months maintained
By us, in secrecy, the amorous game;
Still grew my love, and such new vigour gained,
I in my inmost bosom felt the flame;
And that he little loved, and deeply feigned,
Weened not, so was I blinded to my shame:
Though, in a thousand certain signs betrayed,
The faithless knight his base deceit bewrayed.

"After some days, of fair Geneura he
A suitor showed himself; I cannot say
If this began before he sighed for me,
Or after of this love he made assay:
But judge, alas! with what supremacy
He ruled my heart, how absolute his sway!
Since this he owned, and thought no shame to move
Me to assist him in his second love.

"Unlike what he bore me, he said, indeed,
That was not true which he for her displayed:
But so pretending love, he hoped to speed,
And celebrate due spousals with the maid.
He with her royal sire might well succeed,
Were she consenting to the boon he prayed;
For after our good king, for wealth and birth
In all the realm, was none of equal worth.

"Me he persuades, if through my ministry
He the king's son-in-law elected were,
For I must know he next the king would be
Advanced as high as subject could repair,
The merit should be mine, and ever he
So great a benefit in mind would bear;
And he would cherish me above his bride,
And more than every other dame beside.

"I, who to please him was entirely bent,
Who never could or would gainsay his will,
Upon those days alone enjoy content,
When I find means his wishes to fulfil:
And snatch at all occasions which present
A mode his praise and merits to instil:
And for my lover with all labour strain,
And industry, Geneura's love to gain.

"With all my heart, in furtherance of his suit,
I wrought what could be done, God truly knows;
But with Geneura this produced no fruit,
Nor her to grace my duke could I dispose.
For that another love had taken root
In her, whose every fond affection flows
Towards a gentle knight of courteous lore,
Who sought our Scotland from a distant shore:

"And with a brother, then right young, to stay
In our king's court, came out of Italy;
And there of knightly arms made such assay,
Was none in Britain more approved than he;
Prized by the king, who (no ignoble pay),
Rewarding him like his nobility,
Bestowed upon the youth, with liberal hand,
Burghs, baronies, and castles, woods and land.

"Dear to the monarch, to the daughter still
This lord was dearer, Ariodantes hight.
Her with affection might his valour fill;
But knowledge of his love brought more delight.
Nor old Vesuvius, nor Sicilia's hill,
Nor Troy-town, ever, with a blaze so bright,
Flamed, as with all his heart, the damsel learned,
For love of her young Ariodantes burned.

"The passion which she bore the lord, preferred
And loved with perfect truth and all her heart,
Was the occasion I was still unheard;
Nor hopeful answer would she e'er impart:
And still the more my lover's suit I stirred,
And to obtain his guerdon strove with art,
Him she would censure still, and ever more
Was strengthened in the hate she nursed before.

"My wayward lover often I excite
So vain and bootless an emprize to quit;
Nor idly hope to turn her steadfast sprite,
Too deeply with another passion smit;
And make apparent to the Scottish knight
Ariodantes such a flame had lit
In the young damsel's breast, that seas in flood
Would not have cooled one with her boiling blood.

"This Polinesso many times had heard
From me (for such the Scottish baron's name)
Well warranted by sight as well as word,
How ill his love was cherished by the dame.
To see another to himself preferred
Not only quenched the haughty warrior's flame,
But the fond love which in his bosom burned
Into despiteful rage and hatred turned.

"Between Geneura and her faithful knight
Such discord and ill will he schemed to shed,
And put betwixt the pair such foul despite,
No time should heal the quarrel he had bred;
Bringing such scandal on that damsel bright,
The stain should cleave to her, alive or dead:
Nor, bent to wreck her on this fatal shelf,
Counselled with me, or other but himself.

"'Dalinda mine,' he said, his project brewed
(Dalinda is my name), 'you needs must know,
That from the root although the trunk be hewed,
Successive suckers many times will grow.
Thus my unhappy passion is renewed,
Tenacious still of life, and buds; although
Cut off by ill success, with new increase:
Nor, till I compass my desire, will cease.

"'Nor hope of pleasure this so much has wrought,
As that to compass my design would please;
And if not in effect, at least in thought
To thrive, would interpose some little ease.
Then every time your bower by me is sought,
When in her bed Geneura slumbers, seize
What she puts off, and be it still your care
To dress yourself in all her daily wear.

"'Dispose your locks and deck yourself as she
Goes decked; and, as you can, with cunning heed,
Imitate her; then to the gallery
You, furnished with the corded stair, shall speed:
I shall ascend it in the phantasy
That you are she, of whom you wear the weed:
And hope, that putting on myself this cheat,
I in short time shall quench my amorous heat.'

"So said the knight; and I, who was distraught,
And all beside myself, was not aware
That the design, in which he help besought,
Was manifestly but too foul a snare;
And in Geneura's clothes disguised, as taught,
Let down (so oft I used) the corded stair.

Nor I the traitor's foul deceit perceived
Until the deadly mischief was achieved.

"The duke, this while, to Ariodantes' ears
Had these, or other words like these, addressed
(For leagued in friendship were the cavaliers,
Till, rivals, they pursued this common quest):
'I marvel, since you are of all my peers
He whom I most have honoured and caressed,
And held in high regard, and cherished still,
You should my benefits repay so ill.

'I am assured you comprehend and know
Mine and Geneura's love, an old accord;
And, in legitimate espousal, how
I am about to claim her from my lord:
Then why disturb my suit, and why bestow
Your heart on her who offers no reward?
By Heaven, I should respect your claim and
place,
Were your condition mine, and mine your case.'

"'And I,' cried Ariodantes, 'marvel more'
(In answer to the Scottish lord) 'at you,
Since I of her enamoured was before
That gentle damsel ever met your view;

And know, you are assured how evermore
We two have loved;—was never love more true—
Are certain she alone would share my lot;
And are as well assured she loves you not.

"'Why have not I from you the same respect
To which, for friendship past, you would pretend
From me; and I should bear you in effect
If your hope stood more fair to gain its end?
No less than you, to wed her I expect;
And if your fortune here my wealth transcend,
As favoured of the king as you, above
You, am I happy in his daughter's love.'

"'Of what a strange mistake,' to him replied
The Duke, 'your foolish passion is the root!
You think yourself beloved; I, on my side,
Believe the same; this try we by the fruit.
You of your own proceeding nothing hide,
And I will tell the secrets of my suit:
And let the man who proves least favoured yield,
Provide himself elsewhere, and quit the field.

"'I am prepared, if such your wish, to swear
Nothing of what is told me to reveal;
And will that you assure me, for your share,
You shall what I recount as well conceal.'
Uniting in the pact the rival pair
Their solemn vows upon the Bible seal:
And when they had the mutual promise plighted,
Ariodantes first his tale recited.

"Then plainly, and by simple facts averred,
How with Geneura stood his suit, avows;
And how, engaged by writing and by word,
She swore she would not be another's spouse.
How, if to him the Scottish king demurred,
Virgin austerity she ever vows:
And other bridal bond for aye eschewed,
To pass her days in barren solitude.

"Then added, how he hoped by worth, which he
Had more than once avouched, with knightly brand,
And yet might vouch, to the prosperity
And honour of the king, and of his land,
To please so well that monarch, as to be
By him accounted worthy of the hand

Of his fair child, espoused with his consent :
Since he in this her wishes would content.

"Then so concludes—'I stand upon this ground,
Nor I intruder fear, encroaching nigh ;
Nor seek I more ; 't is here my hopes I bound,
Nor, striving for Geneura's love, would I
Seek surer sign of it than what is found,
By God allowed, in wedlock's lawful tie ;
And other suit were hopeless, am I sure,
So excellent she is, and passing pure.'

"When Ariodantes had, with honest mind,
Told what reward he hoped should quit his pain,
False Polinesso, who before designed
To make Geneura hateful to her swain,
Began—'Alas! you yet are far behind
My hopes, and shall confess your own are vain
And say, as I the root shall manifest
Of my good fortune, I alone am blest.

"'With you Geneura feigns, nor pays nor prizes
Your passion, which with hopes and words is fed ;
And, more than this, your foolish love despises :
And this to me the damsel oft has said.

Of hers I am assured; of no surmises,
Vain, worthless words, or idle promise bred.
And I to you the fact in trust reveal,
Though this I should in better faith conceal.

"'There passes not a month, but in that space
Three nights, four, six, and often ten, the fair
Receives me with that joy in her embrace,
Which seems to second so the warmth we share.
This you may witness, and shall judge the case;
If empty hopes can with my bliss compare.
Then since my happier fortune is above
Your wishes, yield, and seek another love.'

"'This will I not believe,' in answer cried
Ariodantes, 'well assured you lie,
And that you have this string of falsehoods tied
To scare me from the dear emprise I try.
But charge so passing foul you shall abide,
And vouch what you have said in arms; for I
Not only on your tale place no reliance
But as a traitor hurl you my defiance.'

"To him rejoined the duke, 'I ween 't were ill
To take the battle upon either part,

Since surer mean our purpose may fulfil ;
And if it please, my proof I can impart.'
Ariodantes trembled, and a chill
Went through his inmost bones ; and sick at heart,
Had he in full believed his rival's boast,
Would on the spot have yielded up the ghost.

"With wounded heart, and faltering voice, pale face,
And mouth of gall, he answered, ' When I see
Proofs of thy rare adventure, and the grace
With which the fair Geneura honours thee,
I promise to forego the fruitless chase
Of one, to thee so kind, so cold to me.
But think not that thy story shall avail,
Unless my very eyes confirm the tale.'

" 'To warn you in due time shall be my care,'
Said Polinesso, and so went his way.
Two nights were scarcely passed, ere his repair
To the known bower was fixed for the assay.
And, ready now to spring his secret snare,
He sought his rival on the appointed day,
And him to hide, the night ensuing, prayed
I' the street, which none their habitation made.

"And to the youth a station over-right
The balcony, to which he clambered, shows.
Ariodantes weened, this while, the knight
Would him to seek that hidden place dispose,
As one well suited to his fell despite,
And, bent to take his life, this ambush chose,
Under the false pretence to make him see
What seemed a sheer impossibility.

"To go the peer resolved, but in such guise
He should not be with vantage overlaid;
And should he be assaulted by surprise,
He need not be by fear of death dismayed.
He had a noble brother, bold and wise,
First of the court in arms; and on his aid,
Lurcanio hight, relied with better heart
Than if ten others fought upon his part.

"He called him to his side, and willed him take
His arms; and to the place at evening led:
Yet not his secret purpose would he break:
Nor this to him or other would have read.
Him a stone's-throw removed he placed and spake:
'Come if thou hearest me cry,' the warrior said;

'But as thou lovest me, whatsoe'er befall,
Come not and move not, brother, till I call.'

"'Doubt not,' the valiant brother said, 'but go;'
And thither went that baron silently,
And hid within the lonely house and low,
Over against my secret gallery.
On the other side approached the fraudful foe,
So pleased to work Geneura's infamy;
And, while I nothing of the cheat divine,
Beneath my bower renews the wonted sign:

"And I in costly robe, in which were set
Fair stripes of gold upon a snowy ground,
My tresses gathered in a golden net,
Shaded with tassels of vermilion round,
Mimicking fashions which were only met
In fair Geneura, at the accustomed sound
The gallery mount, constructed in such mode
As upon every side my person showed.

"This while Lurcanio, either with a view
To snares which might beset his brother's feet,
Or with the common passion to pursue
And play the spy on other, where the street

Was darkest and its deepest shadows threw,
Followed him softly to his dim retreat:
And not ten paces from the knight aloof,
Bestowed himself beneath the self-same roof.

"Suspecting nought, I seek the balcony;
In the same habits which I mentioned dressed;
As more than once or twice (still happily)
I did before; meanwhile the goodly vest
Was in the moonlight clearly seen, and I,
In aspect not unlike her, in the rest
Resembling much Geneura's shape and cheer,
One visage well another might appear;

"So much the more that there was ample space
Between the palace and the ruined row:
Hence the two brothers, posted in that place,
Were lightly cheated by the lying show.
Now put yourself in his unhappy case,
And figure what the wretched lover's woe,
When Polinesso climbed the stair, which I
Cast down to him, and scaled the gallery.

"Arrived, my arms about his neck I throw,
Weening that we unseen of others meet,

And kiss his lips and face with loving show,
As him I hitherto was wont to greet;
And he assayed, with more than wonted glow,
Me to caress, to mask his hollow cheat;
Led to the shameful spectacle, aghast,
That other, from afar, viewed all that passed,

"And fell into such fit of deep despair
He there resolved to die; and, to that end,
Planted the pommel of his falchion bare
I' the ground, its point against his breast to bend.
Lurcanio, who with marvel by that stair
Saw Polinesso to my bower ascend,
But knew not who the wight, with ready speed
Sprang forward when he saw his brother's deed,

"And hindered him in that fell agony
From turning his own hand against his breast.
Had the good youth been later, or less nigh,
To his assistance he had vainly pressed.
Then, 'Wretched brother, what insanity,'
He cried, 'your better sense has dispossessed?
Die for a woman! rather let her kind
Be scattered like the mist before the wind!

"'Compass her death! 'tis well deserved; your own
Reserve, as due to more illustrious fate.
'Twas well to love, before her fraud was shown;
But she, once loved, now more deserves your hate,
Since, witnessed by your eyes, to you is known
A wanton of what sort you worshipped late.
Her fault before the Scottish king to attest,
Reserve those arms you turn against your breast.'

"Ariodantes, so surprised, forewent,
Joined by his brother, the design in show;
But resolute to die, in his intent
Was little shaken: rising thence to go,
He bears away a heart not simply rent,
But dead and withered with excess of woe:
Yet better comfort to Lurcanio feigns,
As if the rage were spent which fired his veins

"The morn ensuing, without further say
To his good brother, or to man beside,
He from the city took his reckless way
With deadly desperation for his guide;
Nor, save the duke and knight, for many a day
Was there who knew what moved the youth to ride:

And in the palace, touching this event,
And in the realm, was various sentiment.

" But eight days past or more, to Scotland's court
A traveller came, and to Geneura he
Related tidings of disastrous sort :
That Ariodantes perished in the sea ;
Drowned of his own free will was the report,
No wind to blame for the calamity !
Since from a rock, which over ocean hung,
Into the raging waves he headlong sprung ;

" ' Who said, before he reached that frowning crest,
To me, whom he encountered by the way,
" Come with me, that your tongue may manifest,
And what betides me to Geneura say ;
And tell her, too, the occasion of the rest,
Which you shall witness without more delay.
In having seen too much, the occasion lies ;
Happy had I been born without these eyes ! "

" ' By chance upon a promontory we
Were standing, over-right the Irish shore ;
When, speaking thus on that high headland, he
Plunged from a rock amid the watery roar.

I saw him leap, and left him in the sea ;
And hurrying thence, to you the tidings bore.'
Geneura stood amazed, her colour fled,
And, at the fearful tale, remained half dead.

"O God! what said, what did she, when alone
She on her faithful pillow laid her head!
She beat her bosom, and she tore her gown,
And in despite her golden tresses shed,
Repeating often, in bewildered tone,
The last sad words which Ariodantes said :—
That the sole source of such despair and such
Disaster was that he had seen too much.

"Wide was the rumour scattered that the peer
Had slain himself for grief ; nor was the cry
By courtly dame, or courtly cavalier,
Or by the monarch, heard with tearless eye.
But, above all the rest, his brother dear
Was whelmed with sorrow of so deep a dye
That, bent to follow him, he well-nigh turned
His hand against himself, like him he mourned.

"And many times repeating in his thought,
It was Geneura who his brother slew,

Who was to self-destruction moved by nought
But her ill-deed, which he was doomed to view;
So on his mind the thirst of vengeance wrought,
And so his grief his reason overthrew,
That he thought little, graced of each estate,
To encounter king and people's common hate;

"And, when the throng was fullest in the hall,
Stood up before the Scottish king and said,
'Of having marred my brother's wits withal,
Sir king, and him to his destruction led,
Your daughter only can I guilty call:
For in his inmost soul such sorrow bred
The having seen her little chastity,
He loathed existence, and preferred to die.

"'He was her lover; and for his intent,
Was honest, this I seek not, I, to veil;
And to deserve her by his valour meant
Of thee, if faithful service might avail;
But while he stood aloof, and dared but scent
The blossoms, he beheld another scale,
Scale the forbidden tree with happier boot,
And bear away from him the wished-for fruit.'

"Then added, how into the gallery came
Geneura, and how dropped the corded stair;
And how into the chamber of the dame
Had climbed a leman of that lady fair;
Who, for disguise (he knew not hence his name),
Had changed his habits and concealed his hair:
And, in conclusion, vowed that every word
So said he would avouch with lance and sword.

"You may divine how grieves the sire, distraught
With woe, when he the accusation hears:
As well that what he never could have thought,
He of his daughter learns with wondering ears,
As that he knows, if succour be not brought
By cavalier that in her cause appears,
Who may upon Lurcanio prove the lie,
He cannot choose but doom the maid to die.

"I do not think our Scottish law to you
Is yet unknown, which sentences to fire
The miserable dame or damsel who
Grants other than her wedded lord's desire.
She dies, unless a champion good and true
Arm on her side before a month expire;
And her against the accuser base maintain
Unmeriting such death, and free from stain.

"The king has made proclaim by town and tower
(For he believes her wronged, his child to free),
Her *he* shall have to wife, with ample dower,
Who saves the royal maid from infamy.
But each to the other looks, and to this hour
No champion yet, 'tis said, appears: for he,
Lurcanio, is esteemed so fierce in fight,
It seems as he were feared of every knight.

"And evil fate has willed her brother dear,
Zerbino, is not here the foe to face;
Since many months has roved the cavalier,
Proving his matchless worth with spear and mace;
For if the valiant champion were more near
(Such is his courage), or in any place
Whither in time the news might be conveyed,
He would not fail to bear his sister aid.

"The king meantime, who would the quest pursue,
And by more certain proof than combat try
If the accuser's tale be false or true,
And she deserve, or merit not, to die,
Arrests some ladies of her retinue,
That, as he weens, the fact can verify;

Whence I foresaw, that if I taken were,
Too certain risk the duke and I must share.

"That very night I from the palace flee,
And to the duke repair, escaped from court;
And, were I taken, make him plainly see
How much it either's safety would import:
He praised, and bade me of good courage be,
And, for his comfort, prayed me to resort
To a strong castle which he held hard by;
And gave me two to bear me company.

"With what full proofs, sir stranger, you have heard,
I of my love assured the Scottish peer;
And clearly can discern, if so preferred,
That lord was justly bound to hold me dear.
Mark, in conclusion, what was my reward;
The glorious meed of my great merit hear!
And say if woman can expect to earn,
However well she love, her love's return.

"For this perfidious, foul, ungrateful man,
At length suspicious of my faith and zeal,
And apprehending that his wily plan
In course of time I haply might reveal,

Feigned that meanwhile the monarch's anger ran
Too high he would withdraw me, and conceal
Within a fortress of his own, where I
(Such was his real end) was doomed to die.

"For secretly the duke enjoined the guide,
Who with me through the gloomy forest went,
The worthy guerdon of a faith so tried,
To slay me; and had compassed his intent,
But for your ready succour when I cried.
Behold! what wagers love's poor slaves content."
Thus to Rinaldo did Dalinda say,
As they together still pursued their way.

Above all other fortune, to the knight
Was welcome to have found the gentle maid
Who the whole story of Geneura bright
And her unblemished innocence displayed;
And if he hoped, although accused with right,
To furnish the afflicted damsel aid,
Persuaded of the calumny's disproof,
He with more courage warred in her behoof.

And for St. Andrew's town, with eager speed,
Where was the king with all his family,

And where the single fight, in listed mead,
Upon his daughter's quarrel was to be,
The good Rinaldo pricked, nor spared his steed
Until, within an easy distance, he,
Now near the city, met a squire who brought
More recent tidings than the damsel taught :

That thither had repaired a stranger knight,
To combat in Geneura's quarrel bent,
With ensigns strange, not known of living wight,
Since ever close concealed the warrior went ;
Nor, since he had been there, had bared to sight
His visage, aye within his helmet pent :
And that the very squire who with him came
Swore that he knew not what the stranger's name.

Not far they ride before the walls appear,
And now before the gate their coursers stand.
To advance the sad Dalinda was in fear,
Yet followed, trusting in Rinaldo's brand.
The gate was shut, and to the porter near,
" What this implies," Rinaldo makes demand :
To him was said, the people one and all
Were trooped to see a fight without the wall,

Beyond the city, fought upon accord
Between Lurcanio and a stranger knight;
Where, on a spacious meadow's level sward,
The pair already had begun the fight.
The porter opened to Mount Alban's lord,
And straight behind the peer the portal hight
Rinaldo through the empty city rode,
But in a hostel first the dame bestowed:

And wills that she (he will not long delay
To seek her there) till his return repose;
And quickly to the lists pursued his way,
Where the two made that fell exchange of blows,
And strove and struggled yet in bloody fray.
Lurcanio's heart with vengeful hatred glows
Against Geneura; while that other knight
As well maintains the quarrel for her right.

Six knights on foot within the palisade
Stand covered with the corslet's iron case;
Beneath the Duke of Albany arrayed,
Borne on a puissant steed of noble race:
Who there, as lord high-constable obeyed,
Was keeper of the field and of the place,
And joyed Geneura's peril to espy
With swelling bosom and exulting eye.

Rinaldo pierces through the parted swarm
(So wide is felt the good Bayardo's sway),
And he who hears the courser come in storm
Halts not in his desire to make him way:
Above is seen Rinaldo's lofty form,
The flower of those who mixed in martial fray.
He stops his horse before the monarch's chair,
While all to hear the paladin repair.

"Dread sir," to him the good Rinaldo said,
"Let not the pair this combat longer ply;
Since whichsoever of the two falls dead,
Know that you let him perish wrongfully:
This thinks that he is right, and is misled,
Vouches the false, and knows not 'tis a lie;
Since that which brought his brother to his end
Moves him in causeless battle to contend.

"*That*, in pure gentleness, with little care
If what he here maintains be wrong or right,
Because he would preserve a maid so fair,
Perils his person in the furious fight.
To injured innocence I safety bear,
And to the evil man its opposite.
But first, for love of God, the battle stay;
Then list, sir king, to what I shall display."

So moved the king the grave authority
Of one who seemed so worthy, by his cheer,
That he made sign the battle should not be
Further continued then with sword or spear:
To whom, together with his chivalry,
And barons of the realm and others near,
Rinaldo all the treacherous plot displayed,
Which Polinesso for Geneura laid.

Next that he there in arms would testify
The truth of what he vouched, the warrior cried.
False Polinesso called, with troubled eye
Stood forth, but daringly the tale denied.
To him the good Rinaldo in reply,
"By deeds be now the doubtful quarrel tried."
The field was cleared, and, ready armed, the foes,
Without more let, in deadly duel close.

How was the hope to king and people dear,
The proof might show Geneura innocent!
All trust that God will make the treason clear,
And show she was accused with foul intent:
For Polinesso, greedy and severe
And proud was held, and false and fraudulent.
So that none there, of all assembled, deemed
It marvel if the knight such fraud had schemed.

False Polinesso, with a mien distressed,
A pallid cheek, and heart which thickly beat,
At the third trumpet laid his lance in rest;
As well Rinaldo spurred the knight to meet,
And levelled at his evil foeman's breast,
Eager to finish at a single heat.
Nor counter to his wish was the event;
Since through the warrior half his weapon went.

Him, through his breast impaled upon the spear,
More than six yards beyond his horse he bore.
With speed alighted Mount Albano's peer,
And, ere he rose, unlaced the helm he wore:
But he for mercy prayed with humble cheer,
Unfit to strive in joust or warfare more:
And, before king and court, with faltering breath
Confessed the fraud which brought him to his death.

He brings not his confession to a close,
And pangs of death the failing accents drown:
The prince, who ended saw his daughter's woes,
Redeemed from death and scorn, her virtue shown,

With more delight and rapture overflows
Than if he, having lost his kingly crown,
Then saw it first upon his head replaced;
So that he good Rinaldo singly graced.

And when, through his uplifted casque displayed,
Features, well known before, the king descried,
His thanks to God with lifted hands he paid,
That he had deigned such succour to provide.
That other cavalier who bared his blade,
Unknown of all, upon Geneura's side,
And thither came from far his aid to impart,
Looked upon all that passed, and stood apart.

Him the good king entreated to declare
His name, or, at the least, his visage show;
That he might grace him with such guerdon fair
As to his good intent was justly due.
The stranger, after long and earnest prayer,
Lifted the covering casque, and bared to view
What in the ensuing canto will appear,
If you are fain the history to hear.

Wretched that evil man who lives in trust
His secret sin is safe in his possession!
Since, if nought else, the air, the very dust
In which the crime is buried, makes confession;
And oftentimes his guilt compels the unjust,
Though sometime unarraigned in worldly session
To be his own accuser, and bewray,
So God has willed, deeds hidden from the day.

The unhappy Polinesso hopes had nursed,
Wholly his secret treason to conceal
By taking off Dalinda, who was versed
In this, and only could the fact reveal;
And adding thus a second to his first
Offence, but hurried on the dread appeal,
Which haply he had shunned, at least deferred;
But he to self-destruction blindly spurred,

And forfeited estate, and life, and love
Of friends at once, and honour, which was more.
The cavalier unknown, I said above,
Long of the king and court entreated sore,
At length the covering helmet did remove,
And showed a visage often seen before,
The cherished face of Ariodantes true,
Of late lamented weeping Scotland through;

Ariodantes, whom with tearful eye
His brother and Geneura wept as dead,
And king, and people, and nobility:
Such light his goodness and his valour shed.
The pilgrim therefore might appear to lie
In what he of the missing warrior said.
Yet was it true that from a headland he
Had seen him plunge into the foaming sea;

But, as it oft befalls despairing wight
Who grisly Death desires till he appear,
But loathes what he had sought on nearer sight
(So painful seems the cruel pass and drear);
Thus, in the sea engulphed, the wretched knight,
Repentant of his deed, was touched with fear;
And, matchless both for spirit and for hand,
Beat back the billows and returned to land.

And now despising, as of folly bred,
The fond desire which did to death impel,
Thence, soaked and dripping wet, his way did tread,
And halted at a hermit's humble cell:
And, housed within the holy father's shed,
There secretly awhile designed to dwell,
Till to his ears by rumour should be voiced
If his Geneura sorrowed or rejoiced.

At first he heard that, through excess of woe,
The miserable damsel well-nigh died:
For so abroad the doleful tidings go,
'Twas talked of in the island far and wide:
Far other proof than that deceitful show
Which, to his cruel grief, he thought he spied!
And next against the fair Geneura heard
Lurcanio to her sire his charge preferred:

Nor for his brother felt less enmity
Than was the love he lately bore the maid:
For he too foul and full of cruelty
Esteemed the deed, although for him essayed;
And hearing after, in her jeopardy,
That none appeared to lend the damsel aid,
Because so puissant was Lurcanio's might,
All dreaded an encounter with the knight;

And that who well the youthful champion knew,
Believed he was so wary and discreet
That, had what he related been untrue,
He never would have risked so rash a feat,—
For this the greater part the fight eschew,
Fearing in wrongful cause the knight to meet—
Ariodantes (long his doubts are weighed)
Will meet his brother in Geneura's aid.

"Alas! he said, "I cannot bear to see
Thus by my cause the royal damsel die;
My death too bitter and too dread would be
Did I, before my own, her death descry:
For still my lady, my divinity
She is—the light and comfort of my eye.
Her, right or wrong, I cannot choose but shield,
And for her safety perish in the field.

"I know I choose the wrong, and be it so!
And in the cause shall die: nor this would move,
But that, alas! my death, as well I know
Will such a lovely dame's destruction prove.
To death I with one only comfort go,
That, if her Polinesso bears her love,
To her will manifestly be displayed
That hitherto he moves not in her aid.

"And me, so wronged by her, the maid shall view
Encounter death in her defence; and he,
My brother, who such flames of discord blew,
Shall pay the debt of vengeance due to me.
For well I ween to make Lurcanio rue
(Informed of the event) his cruelty,

Who will have thought to venge me with his
brand,
And will have slain me with his very hand."

He, having this concluded in his thought,
Made new provision of arms, steed, and shield;
Black was the vest and buckler which he bought,
Where green and yellow striped the sable field:
By hazard found, with him a squire he brought,
A stranger in that country; and concealed
(As is already told) the unhappy knight
Against his brother came, prepared for fight.

The issue of the event was told above;
How prince and people Ariodantes knew.
Nor less delight the Scottish king did prove
Than when the knight the accuser overthrew:
Within himself he thought that never love
In man was shown so constant and so true;
Who, though so foully wronged, prepared to stake
His life against his brother's for her sake:

And yielding to his natural inclination,
And at the suit of all his court beside,
And mostly at Rinaldo's instigation,
Assigned the youth the damsel as his bride.

'Albany's duchy, now in sequestration,
Late Polinesso's, who in duel died,
Could not be forfeited in happier hour,
Since this the monarch made his daughter's dower.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTION.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW was first printed in the folio of 1623, and not published in quarto until 1631, though there may have been a quarto of which issue was stayed in 1607 or 1609. It is an old play revised by Shakespeare. The old play is here added to Shakespeare's version of it, and the reader who compares the two will not fail to observe how under the hand of the master poet it has been improved in construction, developed into poetry, and enlivened by new touches of wit and humour. It may have been quickly prepared by him for the actors of his company not long after the production of *King Henry V.* or *Hamlet*.

A copy of the first known edition of the older play is dated 1594, and is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It is entitled "A Pleasant Conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembrook his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange." It was reprinted in 1596 and again in 1607.

This older play is given as presented before Christopher Sly. Shakespeare took the idea of the "Induction" as he found it, and was answerable only for touches that enhance its humour. Thomas Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says that he had seen, in a collection afterwards dispersed, a volume of comic stories by Richard Edwards, published in 1570, that contained a tale with incidents resembling those of the

induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. That volume could not again be found. But in the papers of the old Shakespeare Society Mr. H. G. Norton printed in 1845, from a fragment of a book printed about 1620, a tale, called "The Waking Man's Dream," which, he thought, might be part of a reprint of the book that Thomas Warton saw. I do not think it was. "The Waking Man's Dream" gives, moralised at length, the same story that is to be found in Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," published in 1607. In Goulart it is a short story, which may be repeated here in full:—

"Philip called the good Duke of Bourgondy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxells with his Court and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits: he found lying vpon the stones a certaine Artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the Prince in this Artisan to make a triall of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. Hee therfore caused this sleeper to bee taken vp and carried into his Pallace: hee commands him to bee layed in one of the richest beds, a riche Night-cap to bee giuen him, his foule shirt to bee taken off, and to have an other put on him of fine Holland: when as this Dronkard had disgested his wine, and began to awake: behold there comes about his bed, Pages and Groomes of the Dukes Chamber, who drawe the Curteines, make many courtesies, and being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. They bring him rich apparrell. This new Monsieur amazed at such curtesie, and doubting whether hee dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the Chamber. There came Noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they giue him the Booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as

they did vsually vnto the Duke: from the Masse they bring him backe vnto the Pallace: hee washes his hands, and sittes downe at the Table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes Cardes to be brought with a great summe of money. This Duke in Imagination playes with the chiefe of the Court. Then they carrie him to walke in the Gardein, and to hunt the Hare and to Hawke. They bring him back vnto the Pallace, where hee sups in state. Candles beeing light, the Musitions begin to play, and the Tables taken away, the Gentlemen and Gentle-women fell to dancing, then they played a pleasant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereas they had presently store of Ipocras and precious Wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this Prince of the new Impression, so as he was drunke, & fell soundlie a sleepe. Here-upon the Duke commanded that hee should bee disrobed of all his riche attire. Hee was put into his olde ragges and carried into the same place, where hee had been found, the night before, where hee spent that night. Being awake in the morning, hee beganne to remember what had happened before, hee knewe not whether it was true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, hee concluds that all was but a dreame that had happened vnto him, and so entertained his wife, his Children and his neighbors, without any other apprehension. This Historie put mee in minde of that which Seneca sayth in the ende of his 59 letter to Lvcilivs. No man saies he can reioyce and content himselfe, if he be not nobly minded, iust and temperate. What then? Are the wicked depriued of all ioye? they are glad as the Lions that haue found their prey. Being full of wine and luxury, hauing spent the night in gourmandise, when as pleasures poored into this vessell of the bodie (beeing to little to conteine so much) beganne to foame out, these miserables wretches crie with him of whome Virgill speakes—

" 'Thou knowest, how in the midest of pastimes false & vaine,
We cast and past our latest night of paine.'

"The dissolute spend the night, yea the last night in false ioyes. O man, this stately vsage of the aboue named Artisan, is like vnto a dreame that passeth. And his goodly day, and the years of a wicked life differ nothing, but in more and lesse. He slept foure and twenty houres, other wicked men some-times foure and twenty thousands of houres. It is a little or a great dreame: and nothing more."

The story is told also in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and before its use in the old play it was evidently taken seriously as a picture of the vanity of earthly pomp. In "The Waking Man's Dream" the story is told as an old one, and after a prelude asking "who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have been done from those that have been dreamed? Vanities, delights, riches, pleasures and all are past and gone; are they not dreams?" the writer believes that the serious pleasantness of this example "will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither be unfruitful nor unpleasing."

The old moral of this tale was dropped by the first dramatist who used it, and was not revived by Shakespeare, who has only enlivened with many delightful touches the picture of a man who is little more than animal in his perceptions, with little more than animal desires and apprehensions, not, like Falstaff, by the misuse of his brains, but simply because he has never learnt to use them. It is rather Seneca's thought that no man can rejoice and content himself if he be not nobly minded, just and temperate.

In the time of Samuel Phelps the whole play of *The Taming of the Shrew* was acted at Sadler's Wells, and Phelps himself played Christopher Sly in the Induction. It was a representation never to be forgotten, of the untaught mind in relation with a life

it could not understand; with little more than instinct in the place of reason, with good humour bound in its ideas within the limits of a poverty that went to no school but the pothouse, and with feeble struggle after apprehension of a better state. Shakespeare has given in Sly his picture of man lowest in intellect, not because he has been degraded from a better state, but because there have been none to lift him from the dust. The sketch is a very kindly one, and Christopher Sly is not without the kindly qualities that Shakespeare recognises always as the raw material of life. There were such qualities in Lancelot Gobbo; but even Lancelot Gobbo is, in the intellectual scale, high above Christopher Sly.

The old play makes Sly, when he awakes in the lord's chamber, believe himself at first in his old quarters, and say, gaping, "Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigho!" Shakespeare makes a strong point of this: "For God's sake, a pot of small ale!" Sly cries, fully awake; and when sack is offered him, and all his powers of calling for whatever can give most delight have been insisted on till he believes at last he is a lord, he asks for "once again a pot o' the smallest ale." If Crœsus, uneducated to the sense of higher pleasures, leaves the good sack of our literature, whereof he can have more than enough to sustain health, strength, and pleasure through a lifetime, and sends, let us say, daily to circulating libraries for the weaker sort of novels of the day, the footman of Crœsus will come to the library-keeper with Christopher Sly's demand for "once again a pot of the smallest ale." When his Christopher Sly sat as audience at a play, there may have been a good-humoured turn of thought in Shakespeare's mind not very remote from that which caused Ben Jonson to pour scorn upon his critics in the playhouse. But Shakespeare had no scorn for the shortcomings of men and women who were, to his mind, for the most part good fellows if they were not all poets,

and if the companionships of the world had failed often to furnish the most wholesome training to their minds.

Pleasant studies may be made of the touches with which Shakespeare puts new life into the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, that was presented before Christopher Sly. On the first page, the nobleman who enters from hunting, tells, in the elder play, that night is drawing on, by declaiming, in five lines, about its gloomy shadow that leaps from the Antarctic to view Orion's drizzling looks; which is entirely in the manner of the elder poetry. Shakespeare cuts all that out; but he developes the next three lines, which are about coupling the hounds and seeing them well fed, into thirteen or fourteen lines of dialogue that present the huntsman keen in recollection of his sport and full of interest in the several achievements of his dogs, Brach, Merriman, Clowder, Silver, Belman, Echo. Dramatic and poetic form is thus given to the lord inspirited by the day's chase; while in each play the thought is the same—"Let the dogs have good suppers; they have earned them well."

Transference of the scene of the play from Athens to Padua, change of the names of characters, improvements in the conduct and the interweaving of the separate courtships of the sisters, and a new wealth of wit added to the scenes that directly concern Katharine and Petruchio, are all joined to such touches as these, that again and again add grace to the poetical side of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Among the changes of name is that of Ferando to Petruchio. One of the earliest comedies of modern Europe, *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto founds its jests upon the actions of persons representing others than themselves, who are *Suppositi*, substitutes. This Italian comedy was translated in 1566 by George Gascoigne, who awkwardly reproduced the Italian word by calling the play *The Supposes*. In Gascoigne's translation the name of Petruchio occurs. In the first scene of

the Fifth Act of *The Taming of the Shrew* the incidents suggest some inspirations from Ariosto's comedy through Gascoigne's translation, and in that scene the word "supposes" is used in the sense derived from *Gli Suppositi*:—

> "Here's Lucentio,
> Right son to the right Vincentio;
> That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
> While counterfeit *supposes* bleared thine eyne."

This was first pointed out by John Payne Collier. It may be said in passing, that some critics believe the part of the play that tells the courtship of Bianca to have been arranged, in concert with Shakespeare, by another dramatist.

The main feature in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* is generally more or less missed in the acting, and sometimes overlooked in the reading. There is an old undated poem of 1550 or 1560, once popular, called, "A merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelle's Skin, for her good behaviour." The shrewish wife, when kindness fails, is whipped by her husband mercilessly in a cellar, and then tied in the salted hide of an old horse, Morel, that keeps her wounds smarting. So she is forced to yield the supremacy to her husband, who is then kind to her for the rest of her days. That story was current at the time when Shakespeare revised the *Taming of a Shrew*, and the brutal cure for a shrew involves a view of the case which is in flat contradiction to Shakespeare's lesson.

There is an old tradition of the English stage which makes the actor of Petruchio go through his part with a cart-whip in his hand which he is continually cracking. It is quite possible that even in Shakespeare's time some actor blundered upon this way of confounding in the mind of the spectator the rough spirit of the tamer of the wife in Morel skin with the better

wit and wisdom of Petruchio. Usually the play has been mangled into a farce, and Petruchio with such a whip as no gentleman could be supposed to carry, unless he had just alighted from his donkey cart, does all that he can, short of striking her, to secure to himself the rooted aversion of a lady delicately trained. In the present year our English audiences have been made to recognise the pleasantness of the old play by an American company that has given it unabridged, with the part of Katharine acted in a way that would have made Shakespeare happy, and with a Petruchio who seemed to understand his part, and played it with spirit. But unhappily he felt it necessary to follow all his predecessors with the clown business of the great whip, half-brother to the hot poker of pantomine. Petruchio is a gentleman, who tames a woman of bad temper by showing her in himself the inconvenience of such violence, while he is so far from any possibility of striking her with a whip that he does not even strike her with his tongue. As Katharine herself puts it:

> "— I, who never knew how to entreat,
> Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
> With oaths kept waiting, and with brawling fed,
> And that which spites me more than all these wants,
> He does it under name of perfect love."

There is not a word or an act of Petruchio towards Katharine, in all his boisterous assumption of a temper like her own, that can live in her mind and spoil the happiness of after days with the sting of unkindness. They are both choleric; the meat is over-roasted, it will do them harm. The attendance is not good enough, the dresses are not good enough, for her. She learns to flinch from the discomfort caused by a rash temper in a man who at the wildest pays her honour, and does not stab her with one bitter word. That is the Taming of the Shrew in Shakespeare's fashion. Face her boldly, flinch from nothing but temptation

to unkind retort. Show temper, too, until she longs for peace; but when the peace comes let there be memories of many loyal and no cruel words associated with the rougher part. The "Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin" was tamed as brutal men tame beasts into a state of fear, placed far away from true companionship. Katharine learnt to flinch from nothing but her own fault set before her eyes, by one who at the same time mixed it with all fulness of affection to herself. The cart-whip tends to drag down this finer comedy into the horse-play that might represent Christopher Sly's view of the case, so far as he could have any. Petruchio entering from horseback might fall back now and then on a little business with a riding whip, if he did not know what to do with his hands when the time-honoured pantomine property had been taken out of them.

We may all have reason sometimes to take to heart the wise lesson of the *The Taming of the Shrew*. In lover's quarrels, in disputes of friends—in all disputes —when we are opposing will to will as vigorously as we may, we should avoid words that can rankle in the mind and spoil the happiness of after days.

H. M.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio.*
PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona.*

GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *Servants to Petruchio.*
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, BIANCA, } *Daughters to Baptista.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in PADUA, and sometimes in PETRUCHIO'S House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is embossed;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.—

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy
Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilléd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[Sly *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds :—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember
Since once he played a farmer's eldest son :—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

A Play. I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;—
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him Madam, do him obeisance :
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplishéd :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy ;
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteeméd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy hath not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatched with all the haste thou canst :
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit Servant*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale !

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me 'honour,' nor 'lordship :' I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if

you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infuséd with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. Here 's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty cagéd nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapped,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking, thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathéd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures, we will fetch thee straight
Adonis paintéd by a running brook

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiléd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak, of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckoned up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thankéd for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all;

Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renownéd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florénce,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.—
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tran. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
Music and poesy use to quicken you :
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio ; well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court *her* at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To* Bap.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!—

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.—

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.—
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.—
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.—

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing*]. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible,

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on
I found the effect of love-in-idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(Thou art to me as secret, and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was),
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? marked you not, how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,

And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master: then, it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched, and shall be so.—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my coloured hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your own pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense),

I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thralled my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.—

[*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'would 't were done!

SCENE II.—Padua. Before HORTENSIO's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all
My best belovéd and approvéd friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray,
Con tutto il core, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—'Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?'
And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaséd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so ; why, that 's nothing : an he begin once, he 'll rail in his ropetricks. I 'll tell

you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.—

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 't is the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!—

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love; see that, at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!—

Gru. O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward.*] God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promiséd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.—

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.—

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchéd battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he.—Biondello!—

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her too?

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you!

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters? if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Striking her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl, she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in a mean habit;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,

Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.—

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave:—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
[*Presenting* Hortensio.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter, Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you 'll curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
[*To* Hor.] Take you the lute, [*to* Luc.] and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* Hortensio, Lucentio, *and* Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased;
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo and happy be thy speed !

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor I think, she 'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
'Frets call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:'
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazéd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me, 'rascal fiddler,'
And 'twangling Jack,' with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench:
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I 'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate, for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what 's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I 'll try. [*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'T is with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Comformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 't is thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says she 'll see thee hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?
'T is bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices: 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands:
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
Gre., Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA, *severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?
Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you:
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have lookéd for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I 'll compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnishéd with plate and gold:
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in.—Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offered all, I have no more·
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [*Retires.*

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. Hic ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. [Hor. *plays.*] O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*]
'Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*'
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone. [*Exeunt* Bianca *and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour
And to be noted for a merry man
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep;
Such injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old mothy

saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir: I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown;

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcéd to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:

To me she 's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him and see the event of this.—

[*Exit*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promiséd.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We 'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio.
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamped and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine :—'A health !' quoth he ; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm :—quaffed off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That, at the parting, all the church did echo ;
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence: and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse!

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare,
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon : we 're beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee Kate
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—

Lucentio shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost ; but, thou know'st, winter tames man woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy? ho, boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and

beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed,

and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them courtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Sings.*] *Where is the life that late I led—*

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

[*Sings.*] *It was the friar of orders grey,*
As he forth walkéd on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where is my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?

Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?

What 's this ? mutton ?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these !—Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*

You heedless joltheads, and unmannered slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we 'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeservéd fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak : 't is charity to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.—
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.— [*They retire.*

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry !—Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love ! unconstant womankind !
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.—

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeignéd oath,
Never to marry her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I might surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blesséd case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks, eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master! I have watched so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, yes, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renownéd for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;—
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio;
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
Look, that you take upon you as you should:
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good
This by the way I let you understand:
My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'T is passing good : I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—
Why, what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I 'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. '*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied-gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. 'With a small compassed cape.'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. 'With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. 'The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I

commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long Lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let 's see; I think, 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two,
And 't will be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty throughly, I advise you :
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—
Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched ; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, sir, upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true is it, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made at once, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie, and there this night

We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—That, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happenéd:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant, and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here

behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.* To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be

ready to come, against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—A Public Road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but crossed!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blesséd sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blesséd sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child,
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name's Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest,
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shal' not choose but drink before you go.
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What 's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio, within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in Padua.--Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous

circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To* VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentle man! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? Mine old master, Vincentio! Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.] Come hither, crack hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below: BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman

by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass? his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be conycatched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused —O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damnéd villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wishéd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*

Petruchio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again.—Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and Widow;* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? and hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O sir, Lucentio slipped me, like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let each one of us send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I 'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come? O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my halidome, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;—
Another dowry to another daughter;—
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [*Exeunt.*

A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE, CALLED THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE, CALLED THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie *Droonken.*

Tap. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest this night.
[*Exit Tapster.*

Sli. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drink of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. [*He fals asleepe.*

Enter a Nobleman and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lie heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,

And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.
Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not.

[*Exeunt two with* SLIE.

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countenance when he dooth awake
And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet set before his eies,
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will be about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord at euerie word,
And offer him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere.
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.
Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,

Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you ?
San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.
The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame vs all.
Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie ?
San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew ;
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^{t} are married men.
Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must play before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.
Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. [*Exit Boy.*
Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.
San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must

Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with SLIE *aslepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.*

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. [*Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. Yea my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Sli. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Sli. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Sli. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the Persian plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded

Sli. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. Simon and it please your honour.

Sli. Simon, thats as much to say Simion or Simon,
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim am I a Lord indeed?

Lord. I my gratious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the Boy in Womans attire.

Sli. Sim. Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Sli. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Sli. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, Sim drinke to hir Sim,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Sli. A plaie Sim, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Sli. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Sli. When wil they plaie Sim?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Sli. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

[*Exit Boy.*

Sli. Come Sim, where be the plaiers? Sim stand by me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to Athens my beloued friend,
To Platoes schooles and Aristotles walkes,
Welcome from Cestus famous for the loue
Of good Leander and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aur. Thankes noble Polidor my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of Cestus thrise renowned seate,
To come to Athens thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attaind,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did Cesar when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aur. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter Simon, Alphonsus, *and his three daughters.*

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer than rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alf. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e^ church,

And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come ashore. [*Ex. Omnes.*
Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone?
Aur. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.
Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.
Aur. Why, is not her father willing to the match?
Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowsde,
Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettred so
As good be wedded to the diuell him selfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.
Aur. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,

In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
Of natures skill and heauenly maiestie.
Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine.
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes and find some one
That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies sirha to Ferandoes house,
Desire him take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatlie.
Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.
Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
And for his person, worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freelie visite both our loues.
Aur. O might I see the center of my soule
Whose sacred beautie hath inchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian Helena
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand shippes to Tenedos,
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of Cestus,
That comes for traffike vnto Athens heere,
And heere sirha I wil change with you for once.
And now be thou the Duke of Cestus sonne,
Reuell and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
For I will court my loue in this disguise.
Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to Athens for to see
How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aur. Tush feare not Valeria let me alone,
But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter FERANDO *and his man* SAUNDERS *with a blew coat.*

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tell you of.
Fer. God morrow gentlemen to all at once.
How now Polidor, what man still in loue?
Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.
San. I warrant you maister & you take my councell.
Fer. Why sirha, are you so cunning?
San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tell how to doo it as well as I.
Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.
Fer. Faith I am euen now a going
San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith Ferando, tell me true.
Fer. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior Alfonso's eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.
Pol. How like you this Aurelius, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
Fer. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.
Pol. With al our heartes, Come Aurelius
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone. [*Exit.*
Fer. Ho Signiour Alfonso, whose within there?

Alf. Signiour Ferando your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Fer. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage day shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter KATE.

Alf. Ha Kate, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
Fer. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate.
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Fer. I tell thee Kate, I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Fer. My mind sweet Kate doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Fer. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Fer. I prethe doo Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Fer. No Kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Fer. But yet his bil will serue, if the other faile.
Alf. How now, Ferando, what saies my daughter?
Fer. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alf. Come hither Kate and let me giue thy hand

To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turnes aside and speakes.*
But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alf. Giue me thy hand Ferando loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here Ferando take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man,
Father, I leaue my louelie Kate with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie;
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertain my Kate when she dooth come.
Alf. Doo so, come Kate why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe you promise.
[*Exit* ALFONSO *and* KATE.
Fer. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho Saunder.

Enter SAUNDER *laughing.*

San. Sander I faith your a beast I crie God hartilie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you said to hir.
Fer. Why didst thou think that I did not speake wel to
hir.
San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tell you what,
And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she

Had gone a foot furder, and you talke of Wood cocks with her, and I cannot tell what.

Fer. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish shortly.

Fer. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to Polidors house,
The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstances of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe. [*Ex.* FERANDO.

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me.
For dooing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine Saunder now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter POLIDORS *Boie.*

Boy. Friend, well met.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees

Not my maisters liuerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.
Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.
San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with us.
Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior Ferando.
San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Ecce signum*, heere.
Boy. Shall I entreat you to doo mee a message to your Maister?
San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.
Boy. Marrie sir I serue young Polidor your maisters friend.
San. Do you serue him and whats your name?
Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.
San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of thee.
Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?
San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?
Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie.
Bvt wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.
San. Nay thou must first tell me where your maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.
Boy. Why see here he comes.

Enter POLIDOR, AURELIUS, *and* VALERIA.

Pol. Come sweet Aurelius my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie than the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,
And farre more loulie than the tercan plant

That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What Sander, what newes with you?
San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to-morrow.
Pol. What shall he be married then?
San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you doo.
Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?
San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to-morrow.
Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take Saunder in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.
Boy. I will sir; come Saunder.
[*Exit* SAUNDER *and the Boy.*
Aur. Valeria as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso's house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.
Pol. I Valeria for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon Valeria and say I sent thee to him.
Val. I will sir, and stay your comming at Alfonso's house.
[*Exit* VALERIA.
Pol. Now sweete Aurelius by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abrode,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she hirselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto Alfonso's house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agreese,

I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
But stay here comes Alfonso.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. What M. Polidor you are well mett,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him togither,
But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cestus.

Alf. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
You anything that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aur I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
Or pretious firie pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alf. Thanks gentle sir, Polidor take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

Fer. Polidor doost thou not know
Must mary Kate, and to-morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.

Alf. Polidor tis true, goe let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That all thinges be according to his mind,
And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two. [*Exit.*

Pol. Come then Aurelius come in with me.
And weele go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them foorth to take the aire. [*Exit.*

[*Then* SLIE *speakes.*

Sli. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Sli. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here Sim eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Sli. Here Sim, I drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe.
Sli. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter VALERIA *with a lute, and* KATE *with him.*

Val. The senceless trees by musick haue been moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?
Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.
Val. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide you filthie face.
Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.
Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.
Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?
Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.
Val. Well, will you plaie a little?
Kate. Yea, giue me the lute. [*She plaies.*
Val. That stop was false, play it againe.
Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,

And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.
[*She offers to strike him with the lute.*
Val. Hold mistresse, souns will you breake my lute?
Kate. Yea, on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.
[*She throwes it downe.*
And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. [*Ex.* KATE.
Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon the lute?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach.
For he and Polydor sent me before,
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen.
And heere methinkes they come togither.

Enter AURELIUS, POLIDOR, EMELIA, *and* PHILENA.

Pol. How now Valeria, whears your mistresse?
Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.
Aur. Why Valeria, will she not learne apace?
Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.
Aur. Well Valeria go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From Cestus, where our aged father dwels. [*Ex.* VALERIA.
Pol. Come faire Emelia my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie Prometheus slilie stole from Joue,

Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire Emelia I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.
Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah Polidor thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidor.
Pol. Thanks faire Emelia for these sweet words,
But what saith Phylena to hir friend?
Phyl. Why I am buying marchandise of him.
Aur. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as Iuno offered Priams sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.
Phyl. I thanke you sir and would Phylena might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now daughters, is Ferando come?
Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.
Alf. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?
Phyl. She is making of hir readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.
Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.
Alf. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,

And see you goe to church along with vs.

[*Exit* PHILENA *and* EMELIA.

I maruell that Ferando comes not away.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alf. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Then that he shauld deceiue vs heere to daie,
But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter FERANDO *baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.*

Fer. Godmorow father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alf. Yea marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Fer. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As Kate to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame

Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Fer. Tush Polidor I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alf. I prethie Ferando let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Fer. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter KATE.

But soft se where my Kate doth come,
I must salute hir : how fares my louely Kate?
What art thou readie ? shall we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.
Fer. Tush Kate these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete Kate thou louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whither then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiente is my bonie Kate,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou swete Kate how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,

Plous vp huge forrowes in the Terren Maine,
And better farre my louely Kate shall weare,
Then come swete loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute. [*Exeunt Omnes.*
Alf. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed. [*Exit.*

Enter POLIDORS *Boy and* SANDER.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.
San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?
Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.
San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.
Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.
San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.
Boy. Why come man, we shall have good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married alreadie, and thears
Such cheefe as passeth.
San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.
Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.
San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for

Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warent thee
For he 's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riuall with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiously to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your two shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here take your two shillings again
Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
Tis not whole yet and therefore Ile not fight,
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be frends with thee,
But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike to be Married allredy.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* ALFONSO *and* POLIDOR *and* AMELIA *and* AURELIUS *and* PHILEMA.

Fer. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.
Alf. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.
Fer. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse, your curtall?
Fer. Sounes you slaue stand your prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.
Kate. Not for me: for Ile not go.
San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.
Fer. Here villaine go pay him straight.
San. Shall I giue them another peck of lauender.
Fer. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.
Alf. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.
San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
Fer. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? [*Ex.* SANDER.
Come Kate our dinner is prouided at home.
Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
Fer. I Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then we can now prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,

Come Kate stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exit* FERANDO *and* KATE.

Pol. Farwell Ferando since you will be gone.

Alf. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Eme. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phyl. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aur. Her manhood then is good I do beleeve.

Pol. Aurelius or else I misse my marke
Her toung will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alf. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this,
What haue you sent to Cestus as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue,
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I guesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.
And I haue seene him oft at Athens here,
And for his sake assure thee thou are welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest Polidor doth liue.

Aur. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what worth your frendship I esteme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,

But for requittal of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.
Alf. Inough Aurelius? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon.
Come let vs see what there they left behind. [*Exit Omnes.*

Enter SANDERS *with two or three seruing men.*

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.
Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.
San. Yea, and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
Like a madman.
Will. Why Sander what dos he say.
San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing
When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came.
And nere tarried for dinner: and therefore you had best
Get supper reddy against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.
Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE.

Fer. Now welcome Kate: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:

Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.
Fer. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
[*He beates them all. They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.*
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
[*He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.*
Fer. Go you villaines bring you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come Kate wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. [*Exit* FERANDO *and* KATE.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes! I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter FERANDO *againe.*

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce man.
Fer. Did you so you damned villaine.
[*He beates them all out againe.*
This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
Nor slepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,

Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. [*Exit.*

Enter AURELIUS *and* VALERIA.

Aur. Valeria attend: I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milkwhite way of Ioue,
As chast as Phœbe in her sommer sportes,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles Cithereas siluer doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweet content,
That I thou knowst long haue aimed at,
Now Valeria it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he sayd go to Alfonsos house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is Ferando married then?

Aur. He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Val. He saies so.

Aur. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aur. I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. That's rare: but what *decorum* dos he vse?

Aur. Faith I know not: but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come Valeria I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

Aur. Agreed, then lets go. [*Exeunt*

Enter SANDER *and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath stincke,
And then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. That's meate for a King sweet Sander helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beates him.*

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,

Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter FERANDO *with a peece of mete vppon his daggers point and* POLIDOR *with him.*

Fer. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Fer. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Fer. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;
Fer. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come Polidor let vs goe in againe,
And Kate come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter AURELIUS VALERIA *and* PHYLOTUS *the Marchant.*

Aur. Now Senior Phylotus we will go
Vnto Alfonsos house, and be sure you say

As I did tell you concerning the man
That dwells in Cestus, whose son I said I was
For you doo very much resemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phy. I warrant you sir take you no care,
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall inioie your harts delight.

Aur. Thankes sweet Phylotus, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Senior Alfonso a word with you.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. Whose there? What Aurelius whats the matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aur. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I tolde you of,
And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alf. Is this your father? You are welcome sir.

Aur. Thankes Alfonso, for thats your name I gesse
I understand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,
Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold
And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.

Alf. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,

And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of Cestus too?

Aur. He is the Duke of Cestus thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alf. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good Alfonso: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of Cestus frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies Aurelius father.

Phil. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alf. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then Aurelius I will go with you.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Fer. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Hab. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Fer. Who spoake for it? didst thou Kate?
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me. [*She sets it one hir head.*
Fer. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Fer. Why true he means to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begone with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Mistris gowne.
Fer. Let me see it Taylor: what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.
Tay. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.
Fer. Come hither sirra Taylor reade the note.
Tay. Item. a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Tay. And a large truncke sleeue.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
Fer. Well sir goe forward.
Tay. Item a loose bodied gowne.
San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.
Tay. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.
Tay. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braued

Many men: braue not me.
Thou'st faste many men.
Tay. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Fer. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Fer. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters use?
Fer. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Tay. I thanke you sir. [*Exit* TAYLOR.
Fer. Come Kate we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Fer. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clocke in the after noone.
Fer. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come back againe we will not go to day.

Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter POLIDOR, EMELIA, AURELIUS *and* PHILEMA.

Pol. Faire Emelia sommers sun bright Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where Phœbus in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and pressious minerals
What would Emelia doo? if I were forst
To leaue faire Athens and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
Mounting the suttle ayrie regions
Or be snacht up as erste was Ganimed
Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did Icarus.

Aur. Sweetly resolued faire Emelia,
But would Philema say as much to me
If I should aske a question now of thee
What if the Duke of Cestus only son
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seek to get Phylemas loue from me,
And make thee Duches of that stately towne
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?

Phyl. Not for great Neptune, no nor Ioue himselfe,
Will Phylema leaue Aurelius loue,
Could he install me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
Yet would I not exchange thy loue for his,
Thy company is poore Philemas heauen,
And without thee heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did Hercules
Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,

And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim Pluto and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.
Phyl. And should my loue as earst Leander did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
For Heros loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare
With bended knees vpon Abidas shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune Neptune and the watry Gods
To send a guard of silver scaled Dolphyns
With sounding Tritons to be our conuoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.
Eme. Should Polidor as great Achilles did,
Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene
Pentheselea Hectors paramore,
Who foyld the bloudie Pirrhus murderous greeke,
Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my loue.
Phyl. Let Eole storme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calme and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,
I recke them not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.
Aur. Sweet Phylema bewties mynerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
That Himen mounted in his saffron robe,

Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
As Hellens brothers on the horned Moone,
Now Iuno to thy number shall I adde,
The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.
Pol. Come faire Emelia the preeste is gon,
And at the church your father and the reste
Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
And knit in sight of heauen this Gordian knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
This daies content and sweet solemnity. [*Ex. Omnes.*
Sli. Sim must they be married now?
Lord. I my Lord.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.

Sli. Looke Sim the foole is come again now.
Fer. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth and bring
Them to the backe gate presentlie.
San. I will sir I warrant you. [*Exit* SANDER.
Fer. Come Kate the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued.
It is the sun.
Fer. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Fer. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus save the glorious moone.
Fer. I am glad Kate your stomack is come downe.
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me Kate hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of CESTUS *alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to Athens?

[FERANDO *speakes to the olde man.*

Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes,
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring Cepherus in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede,
Sweete Kate entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Puke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens hast to seeke my son. [*Exit Duke.*

Fer. Why so Kate this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,

This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet Kate for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Alfonso *and* Philotus *and* Valeria, Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius, *and* Phylema.

Alf. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
I wonder that Ferando and his wife
Comes not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if Ferando be away,
His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

Phi. But Polidor let my son and you take heede,
That Ferando say not ere long as much to you,
And now Alfonso more to shew my loue,
If vnto Cestus you do send your ships,
Myselfe will fraught them with Arabian silkes,
Rich affrick spices Arras counter poines
Muske Cassia: sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curroll, christall, iett and iuorie,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Val. And for to honour him, and this faire bride.

Enter the Duke of Cestus.

Ile yerly send you from my fathers courte,
Chests of refind suger seuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
To celebrate and solemnise this day
And custome free your marchants shall conuerse
And interchange the profits of your land,

Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
To binde this friendship and confirme this league.
Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the Duke of Cestus son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.
Val. Sounes it is the Duke what shall I doo
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?
Duke. Her's no villaine: he will not know me now.
But what say you? have you forgot me too?
Phy. Why sir are you acquainted with my son?
Duke. With thy son? No trust me if he be thine,
I pray you sir who am I?
Aur. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreate your grace to heare me speake.
Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

[PHYLOTUS *and* VALERIA *runnes away.*
Then SLIE *speakes.*

Sli. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Sli. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending
To prison thats flat: why Sim am not I Don Christo Vary?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Sli. Are they run away Sim? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord. [SLIE *drinkes and then falls asleepe.*
Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre Cintheas burning rayes
By Merops head and by seauen mouthed Nile
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,

Were in my brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the Libian sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause :
Alf. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace
I knew none other but Valeria your man,
Had bin the Duke of Cestus noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.
Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster band of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.
Aur. Then let my death sweet father end your griefe
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sware,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of Hydraes hed
To make the toplesse Alpes a champion field
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.
Phil. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with griefe my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gratious fauor here.

Eme. Great prince of Cestus, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely vsde in Cestus courte.

Phyl. Thanks good my Lord and I no longer liue
Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alf. Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
For this great honour don to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house
I will in humblest maner I can, show
The eternal seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good Alfonso, but I came alone,
And not as did beseeme the Cestian Duke,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast.
And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as beseemes the son
Of mighty Ierobell the Cestian Duke,
Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell Aurelius.

Aur. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

[*Exeunt Omnes.* SLIE *sleepes*

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
Asleepe againe: go take him easily vp,

And put him in his one apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lorde come helpe to beare him hence. [*Exit.*

Enter FERANDO, AURELIUS *and* POLIDOR *and his Boy and* VALERIA *and* SANDER.

Fer. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed!

Aur. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay then Ferando he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Fer. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.

Aur. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aur. How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.

Fer. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.
Aur. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues
Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.
Alf. Why then Ferando he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
Fer. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely Kate,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.
Aur. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.
Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.
Fer. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.
Alf. I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt lose.
Aur. Ile send for my wife first, Valeria
Go bid your Mistris come to me.
Val. I will my Lord. [*Exit* VALERIA.
Aur. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.
Fer. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.
Aur. Trust me Ferando I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter VALERIA *againe.*

Now sirra what saies your mistris?
Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.
Aur. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.

She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.
Fer. Well well: Polidor send you for your wife.
Pol. Agreed: Boy desire your mistris to come hither.
Boy. I will sir. [*Ex Boy.*
Fer. I so so he desiers her to come.
Alf. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much Aurelius,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?
Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come.
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.
Fer. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She wil not come: but he must come to her.
Pol. Well sir I pray lets here what
Answere your wife will make.
Fer. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie. [*Exit* SANDER.
Aur. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife she will not come.
Fer. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter KATE *and* SANDER.

For I haue won for see where Kate doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?
Fer. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither Kate, whats that vpon thy head?
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Fer. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,

Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

[*She takes of her cap and treads on it.*

Pol. Oh wounderfull metamorphosis.

Aur. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Fer. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither Kate where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Fer. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alf. I promise thee Ferando I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Fer. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter KATE *thrusting* PHYLEMA *and* EMELIA *before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands call.*

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Fer. Tis well don Kate.

Eme. Ay sure and like a louing peece you're worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyl. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aur. Beshrew thee Phylema, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

Pol. But thou Emelia hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Fer. Now louely Kate before there husbands here,
I prethe tell unto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pampered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,

Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde Adam and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termd by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was Adam doomd to die,
As Sara to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand under my husbands feete.

[*She laies her hand vnder her husbands* ***feete.***

Fer. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alf. I Ferando the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Fer. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight

For Kate and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.

[*Exit* FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.

Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this?

Aur. Beleeue me father I reioice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

[*Exit* AURELIUS *and* PHYLEMA *and* ALFONSO *and* VALERIA.

Eme. How now Polidor in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

[*Exit* POLIDOR *and* EMELIA.

Then enter two bearing of SLIE *in his owne apparrell againe and leaues him where they found him, and then goes out. Then enter the Tapster.*

Tap. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft who's this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath he laine here alnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how Slie, Awake for shame.

Sli. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?

Sli. Whose this? Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here to night.

Sli. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all night till now,

And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.

Tap. Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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